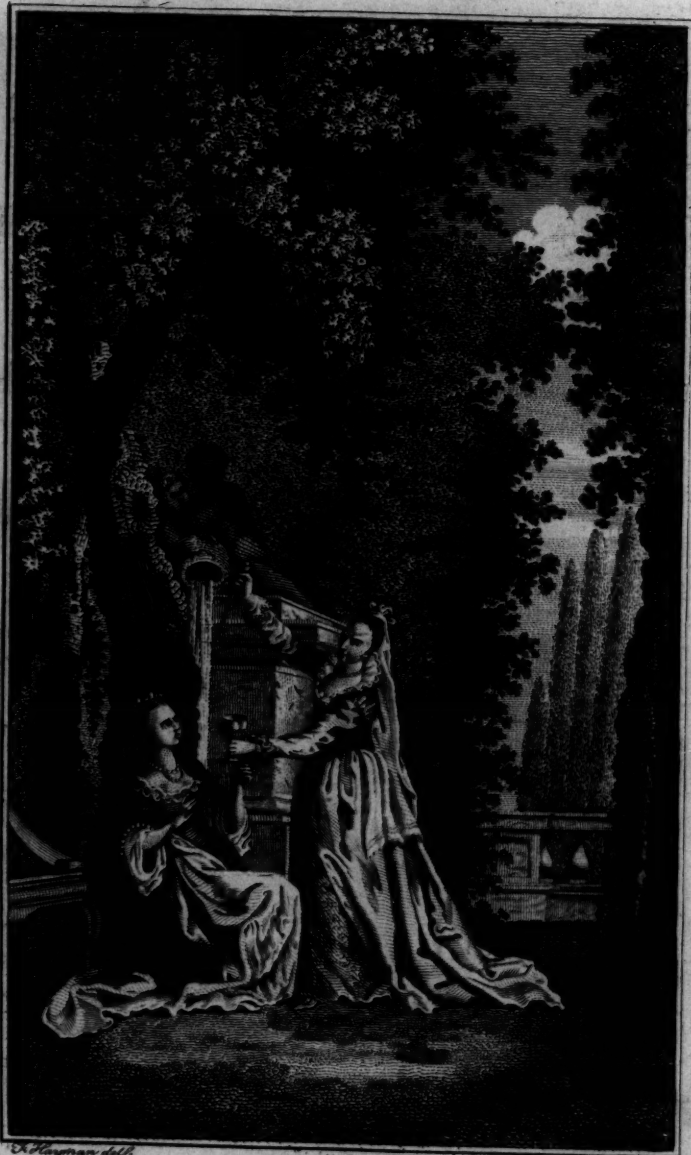
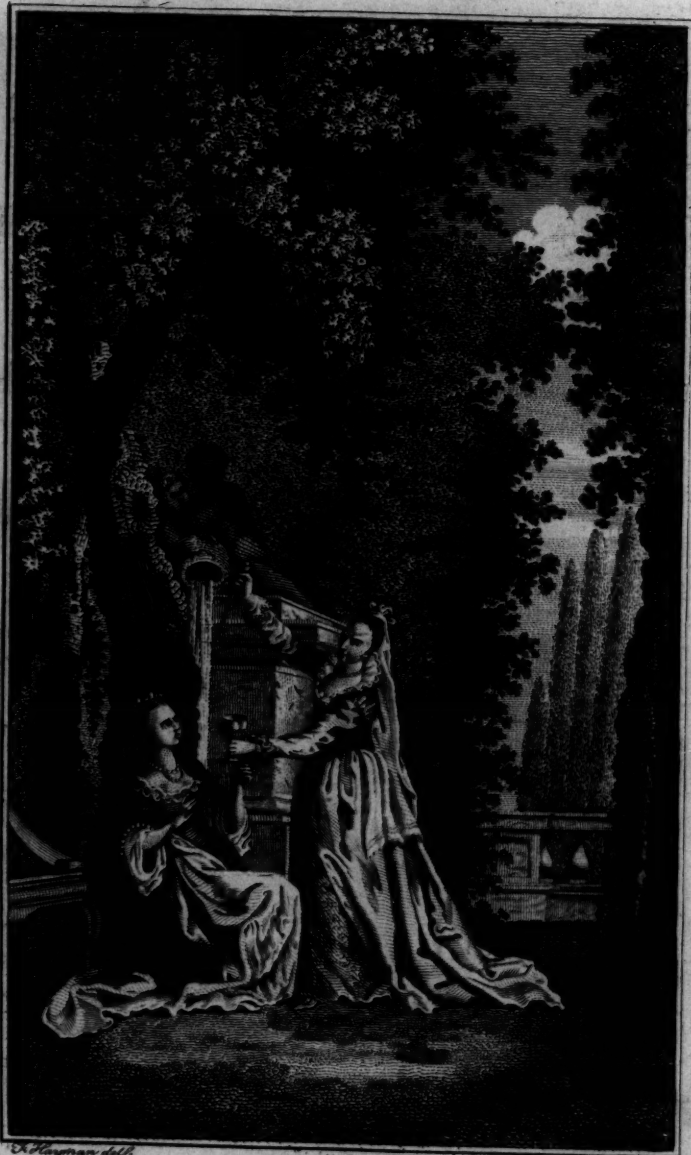




A. Hayman del.

Vol. II. facing the Title

J. Lodge fecit.



A. Hayman del.

Vol. II. facing the Title

J. Lodge fecit.

THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS,
IN
VERSE and PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

With some Account of the LIFE and
WRITINGS of the AUTHOR,

By Mr. TICKELL.

VOLUME the SECOND.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. STRAHAN, J. F. and C. RIVINGTON,
R. HORSFIELD, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN;
C. RIVINGTON, T. CADELL, and E. JOHNSTON.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These three Volumes, with the
*Tatlers, Spectators, Guardians, Free-
holder, and Remarks on several Parts
of Italy, complete Mr. Addison's Works
in Twelves.*



THE
C O N T E N T S
OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

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ROSA.

ENT

3 T H I K O 9

ENT TO

11

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ENT TO

3 4 0 0 3 2

141

ROB

R O S A M O N D.

A N

O P E R A.

Inscribed to her G R A C E the

Dutcheſs of *MARLBOROUGH*.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit

Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum

Sylva tegit.

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

V O L. II.

B

ROSA MOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inscribed to her GRACE the

Duchess of MARIENBURG.

The first performance thereof took place

before her Highness, at a private theatre

on the 11th of May 1812.

Vol. II.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
ROSAMOND.

————— *Ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

By Mr. TICKELL.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as *Corelli*, but as *Virgil* strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.

Thy style hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,
 Thy flowing numbers far excel the new ;
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 That height of thought may seem superfluous aid ;
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
 That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscips how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
 Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds !
 What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
 The babling sounds that mimic echo plays,
 The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
 Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
 And all *Elysium* to one view confin'd !
 No farther could imagination roam,
 'Till *Vanbrugh* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair :
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die :
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
 (In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
 Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
 And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows ;
 We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let

Let joy transport fair *Rosamonda's* shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
 While now perhaps with *Dido's* ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
 Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
 Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *Addison*.

Accept, great monarch of the *British* lays,
 The tribute song an humble subject pays.
 So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars, to hail the God of verse and light.
 Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name :
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
 Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre ;
 While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies ;
 Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
 And views thy *Rosamond* with *Henry's* eyes.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King *Henry*.

Sir *Trusty*, keeper of the bower.

Page.

Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen *Eleanor*.

Rosamond.

Grideline, wife to Sir *Trusty*.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodstock-Park*.

ROSA-

ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating
in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft *Elysiums* rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.

B. 4.

As

As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echos round us talk:*

From hill to hill the voice is lost,

Rocks rebounding,

Caves resounding,

Not a single word is lost,

P A G E.

There gentle *Rosalind* immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

Q U E E N.

Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy. —

[*Aside.*]

P A G E.

There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her Lord's return.

Q U E E N.

Death and confusion! I'm too slow —
Show me the happy mansion show —

[*Aside.*]

P A G E.

Great *Henry* there —

Q U E E N.

Trifler, no more! —

P A G E.

—— Great *Henry* there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

Q U E E N.

No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.

* Alluding to the famous echo in *Woodstock-Park*.

My

My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

PAGE.

*Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.*

QUEEN.

In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.

PAGE.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

QUEEN.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fire
The faithless Lord of my desire?

Have not her fatal arts remov'd

My *Henry* from my arms?

'Tis her crime to be lov'd,

'Tis her crime to have charms.

Let us fly, let us fly,

She shall die, she shall die.

I feel, I feel my heart relent :

How could the fair be innocent !

To a monarch like mine,

Who would not resign !

One so great and so brave

All hearts must enslave.

P A G E.

Hark, hark ! what sound invades my ear ?

The conqueror's approach I hear.

He comes, victorious Henry comes !

Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,

In dreadful concert join'd,

Send from afar

A sound of war,

And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

Q U E E N.

Henry returns from danger free !

Henry returns !—but not to me.

He comes his Rosamond to greet,

And lay his laurels at her feet,

His vows impatient to renew ;

His vows, to Elenora due.

Here

Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.

*No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a Queen.*

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir TRUSTY, Knight of the Bower, *solus.*

*How happy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty,
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.*

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE and Sir TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Faithless varlet, art thou there?

Sir TRUSTY.

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRIDELINE.

Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir TRUSTY.

Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?

GRIDELINE.

Cheat not me with false caresses

Sir TRUSTY.

Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.

GRIDELINE.

Those to fair *Rosamond* are due.

Sir TRUSTY.

She is not half so fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir TRUSTY.

I'll still be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir

Sir TRUSTY.

O Grideline! *consult thy glass,*
Behold that sweet bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature),
Will convince you I am true.

GRIDELINE.

O how blest were Grideline,
 Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
 Did he not cover amorous wiles
 With soft, but ah! *deceiving smiles:*
 How should I revel in delight,
 The spouse of such a peerless Knight!

Sir TRUSTY.

At length the storm begins to cease,
 I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
 'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [Aside.
 I feel, I feel my fury rise!
 Tigress, be gone.

GRIDELINE.

—— I love thee so
 I cannot go.

Sir TRUSTY.

Fly from my passion, Beldame, fly!

GRIDELINE.

Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

Sir

Sir *TRUSTY*.

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a foolish, fond wife.

Sir *TRUSTY*.

Let us part,

Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?

Will you break my poor heart?

Sir *TRUSTY*.

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man!

From whence doth all this passion flow?

Sir *TRUSTY*.*Thou art ugly and old,**And a villainous scold.**GRIDELINE*.*Thou art a rustic to call me so,**I'm not ugly nor old,**Nor a villainous scold,**But thou art a rustic to call me so.**Thou, traitor, adieu!*Sir *TRUSTY*.*Farewel, thou shrew!**GRIDELINE*.*Thou traitor.*

Sir

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou shrew!

BOTH.

Adieu! Adieu!

[Exit Grid.

Sir TRUSTY solus.

How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils
Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Rosamond's* bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty King *Harry*!
But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND and Sir TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,

Through

Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,

Turning,

Burning,

Changing,

Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love,

Impatient for my Lord's return

I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

To rend my breast,

And break my rest,

A thousand thousand ills combine.

Absence wounds me,

Fear surrounds me,

Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

Sir T R U S T R.

What heart of stone

Can hear her moan,

And not in dumps so doleful join!

[*Apart.*]

R O S A M O N D.

How does my constant grief deface

The pleasures of this happy place!

In vain the spring my senses greets

In all her colours, all her sweets;

To me the rose

No longer glows,

Every

Every plant
Has lost its scent;
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.

Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:

Why so slow! great Henry why!

From death and alarms

Fly, fly to my arms,

Fly to my arms, my Monarch fly!

Sir T R U S T Y.

How much more blest'd would lovers be,

Did all the whining fools agree

To live like *Grideline* and me! } [Apart.]

ROSAMOND.

O *Rosamond*, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence astray:

At

At home thou feest thy Queen enraged,
Abroad thy absent Lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

Sir *TRUSTY*.

Such cold complaints besit a nun:
If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apart.*]

ROSAMOND.

*Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.* [*Exit Ros.*]

Sir *TRUSTY* *solus.*

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But ha! a sound my bower invades,
[*Trumpets flourish.*]
And echoes through the winding shades:
'Tis *Henry's* march! the tune I know:
A messenger! It must be so.



SCENE

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER and Sir TRUSTY.

MESSENGER.

Great *Henry* comes! with love oppress;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

Sir TRUSTY.

The bower and Lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.

MESSENGER.

Hither the victor flies, (his Queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the *British* shores he reach'd,
Hither his foaming courser stretch'd;
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!

Sir TRUSTY.

Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter King Henry after a flourish of Trumpets.

K I N G.

Where is my love! my *Rosamond*!

Sir T R U S T Y.

First, as in strictest duty bound,

I kiss your royal hand.

K I N G.

Where is my life! my *Rosamond*!

Sir T R U S T Y.

Next with submission most profound,

I welcome you to land.

K I N G.

Where is the tender, charming fair!

Sir T R U S T Y.

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,

Methodical in what I say.

K I N G.

Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir T R U S T Y.

For when we have a Prince's ear,

We should have wit,

To know what's fit

For us to speak, and him to hear.

K I N G.

These dull delays, I cannot bear.

Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir

Sir *TRUSTY*.

I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

KING.

What dost thou say? I shake with fear.

Sir *TRUSTY*.

Nay, good my Liege, with patience hear:
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING.

*Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!*

I'm all desire!

*My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.*

Sir *TRUSTY*.

At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.

What place will you choose
For first interviews?

KING.

Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavalion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particolour'd gay alcove.

Sir

Sir T R U S T Y.

Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
 Has chose the most convenient gloom;
 There's not a spot in all the park
 Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

K I N G.

Mean-while with due attention wait
 To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
 Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
 Nor love-sick jealousy appear;
 Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
 On this delicious solitude;
 But pleasure reign through all the grove,
 And all be peace, and all be love.

Oh the pleasing pleasing anguish

When we love, and when we languish!

Wishes rising!

Thoughts surprising!

Pleasure courting!

Charms transporting!

Fancy viewing!

Joys ensuing!

O the pleasing, pleasing anguish?

[Exeunt.]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING and ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

ROSAMOND.

Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hopes destroys,
And life-consuming fires.

KING.

Not the loud *British* shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate *Gauls* bestow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my *Rosamond* I'm blest.

ROSA.

R O S A M O N D.

My *Henry* is my soul's delight,
 My wish by day, my dream by night.
 'Tis not in language to impart
 The secret meltings of my heart,
 While I my conqueror survey,
 And look my very soul away.

K I N G.

O may the present bliss endure,
 From fortune, time, and death secure!

B O T H.

O may the present bliss endure!

K I N G.

My eye could ever gaze, my ear
 Those gentle sounds cou'd ever hear:
 But oh! with noon-day heats oppress,
 My aking temples call for rest!
 In yon cool grotto's artful night
 Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
 Then seek again my absent fair,
 With all the love a heart can bear.

[*Exit King.*]

R O S A M O N D *sola.*

From whence this sad presaging fear,
 This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
 Oft in my silent dreams by night
 With such a look I've seen him fly,
 Wafted by angels to the sky,
 And lost in endless tracts of light;

While

While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deserts borne,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable away.

They're fantoms all; I'll think no more :

My life has endless joys in store.

Farewel sorrow, farewel fear,

They're fantoms all ! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A Postern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE and PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

My stomach swells with secret spite,

To see my fickle, faithless Knight,

With upright gesture, goodly mien,

Face of olive, coat of green,

That charm'd the Ladies long ago,

So little his own worth to know,

On a mere girl his thoughts to place,

With dimpled cheeks, and baby face ;

A child ! a chit ! that was not born,

When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable *Grieldine*?

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE.

If *Rosamond* his garb has view'd,
The Knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falshood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks:
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Rosamond*, and smiles.

PAGE.

Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——

GRIDELINE.

——And he has charms.

PAGE.

Your fears are too just——

GRIDELINE.

——Too plainly I've prov'd.

BOTH.

He loves and is lov'd.

GRIDELINE.

O merciless fate!

PAGE.

Deplorable state!

GRIDELINE.

To die——

PAGE.

——*To be slain*

GRIDELINE.

By a barbarous swain,

BOTH.

That laughs at your pain.

GRIDELINE.

How shou'd I act? canst thou advise?

PAGE.

Open the gate, if you are wise:

I, in an unsuspected hour,

May catch 'em dallying in the bower,

Perhaps their loose amours prevent,

And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art in truth

A forward youth,

Of wit and parts above thy age ;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.

PAGE.

I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.

GRIDELINE.

Of such a faithful spy I've need * :
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [Exit Page.

GRIDELINE *sola.*

*Pr'ythee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,
To thy girls and thy boys,
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free.*

SCENE III.

PAGE *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new !
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes ;
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost ;

* An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

Fountains

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.

A thousand fairy scenes appear,

Here a grove, a grotto here,

Here a rock, and here a stream,

Sweet delusion,

Gay confusion,

All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

At length the bow'ry vaults appear!

My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:

A thousand checks my heart control,

A thousand terrors shake my soul.

PAGE.

Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!

—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard— [Apart.

QUEEN.

I see, I see my hands embro'd

In purple streams of reeking blood:

I see the victim gasp for breath,

And start in agonies of death;

I see my raging dying Lord,

And O, I see myself abhorr'd!

PAGE.

My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear *Britannia's* Queen lament.

[*Aside.*]

QUEEN.

What shall my trembling soul pursue?

PAGE.

Behold, great Queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That bow'r will show
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

—It is decreed—it shall be so;

[*After a pause.*]

I cannot see my Lord repine,

(O that I could call him mine!)

Why have not they most charms to move,

Whose bosoms burn with purest love!

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondness glows,

O jealousy! thou hell of woes!

[*Aside.*]

That conscious scene of love contains

The fatal cause of all your pains:

In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,

Where those fair-blossom'd arbours rise.

QUEEN.

Let us haste to destroy

Her guilt and her joy.

Wild

Wild and frantic is my grief!

Fury driving,

Mercy striving,

Heaven in pity send relief!

The pangs of love

Ye pow'rs remove,

Or dart your thunder at my head:

Love and despair

What heart can bear!

Ease my soul, or strike me dead!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!

When our longing eyes discover

The kind, the dear, approaching lover,

Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:

I hear the steps of him I love;

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!

—Death to my eyes; what sight is this!

The Queen, th' offended Queen I see!

—Open, O earth! and swallow me!

S C E N E VI.

*Enter to her the QUEEN with a bowl in one hand,
and a dagger in the other.*

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come :
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom :
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
Or soon by this, or this, shall end.

R O S A M O N D.

What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd Majesty ?

QUEEN.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.

R O S A M O N D.

Can Britain's Queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands ?
In her shall such revenge be seen ?
Far be that from Britain's Queen !

QUEEN.

How black does my design appear !
Was ever mercy so severe ?

[*Aside.*

R O S A M O N D.

*When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,*

Heath

Health presuming,

Beauty blooming,

Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?

Think on the soft, the tender fires,

Melting thoughts, and gay desires,

That in your own warm bosom rise,

When languishing with love-sick eyes

That great, that charming man you see:

Think on yourself, and pity me!

QUEEN.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!

[Offering the dagger to her breast.]

Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

ROSAMOND.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain!

Behold these tears!

QUEEN.

————— They flow in vain.

ROSAMOND.

Look with compassion on my fate!

O hear my sighs! —————

QUEEN.

————— They rise too late.

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

R O S A M O N D.

Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

Q U E E N.

Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage.

[Aside.

R O S A M O N D.

What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance!

Q U E E N.

—— Thou shalt die.

[Offering the dagger.

R O S A M O N D.

Give me but one short moment's stay.

—— O Henry, why so far away?

[Aside.

Q U E E N.

Prepare to welter in a flood

Of streaming gore.

[Offering the dagger,

R O S A M O N D.

—— O spare my blood,

And let me grasp the deadly bowl.

[Takes the bowl in her hand.]

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul! *[Aside.]*

ROSAMOND.

Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.

O let me still for mercy call! *[Falling on her knees.]*

Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,

The soul that begs to be forgiven;

If in the latest gasp of breath,

If in the dreadful pains of death,

When the cold damp bedews your brow,

You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,

Horrors and death shall thine pursue. *[Offering the dagger.]*

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow,

——Whither, ah! whither shall I go? *[Drinks.]*

QUEEN.

Where thy past life thou shalt lament,

And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,

And wound a heart, already broke!

My dying soul with fury burns,

And slighted grief to madness turns.

Think not, thou author of my woe,

That Rosamond will leave thee so:

At dead of night,

A glaring spright,

With hideous screams

I'll haunt thy dreams;

And when the painful night withdraws,

My Henry shall revenge my cause.

O whither does my frenzy drive!

Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive,

My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;

The weary springs of life stand still;

The sleep of death benumbs all o'er

My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*]

Q U E E N.

Hear and observe your Queen's commands.

[*To her attendants.*]

Beneath those hills a convent stands,

Where the fam'd streams of *Isis* stray;

Thither the breathless corpse convey,

And bid the cloister'd maids with care

The due solemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie,

How great it is to bid them die!

But how much greater to forgive,

And bid a vanquish'd foe to live!



S C E N E

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY *in a fright.*

A breathless corpse ! what have I seen !
And follow'd by the jealous Queen !
It must be she ! my fears are true :
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view,
How can the fam'd Sir *Trusty* live
To hear his master chide and grieve ?
No ! tho' I hate such bitter beer,
Fair *Rosamond*, I'll pledge thee here.

[*Drinks.*

The King this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing :

" Great Sir,

[*Writes.*

" Your *Rosamond* is dead

" As I am at this present writing."

*The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance——I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels——I'm gone.*

[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Rosamond* shall charm no more.

Hence

Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair.

Hence ye fears and doubts remove;

Hence grief and hate!

Ye pains that wait

On jealousy, the rage of love.

My Henry shall be mine alone,

The here shall be all my own;

Nobler joys possess my heart,

Than crowns and scepters can impart.



ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a grotto, HENRY asleep, a cloud descends, in it two angels suppos'd to be the guardian spirits of the British Kings in war and in peace.*

1 ANGEL.

BEHOLD the unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 ANGEL.

In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

1 ANGEL.

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *British* throne.

2 ANGEL.

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 ANGEL.

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH.

B O T H.

But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love !

2 A N G E L.

I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
'Till love before ambition fly.

1 A N G E L:

I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 A N G E L.

*Whatever glorious and renown'd
On British annals can be found ;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed ;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.*

1 A N G E L.

See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance.
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms ;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface ;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

B O T H.

*Glory strives !
The field is won !
Fame revives,
And love is gone.*

1 A N-

1 ANGEL.

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,

Look up and see

What, after long revolving years,

Thy bower shall be!

When time its beauties shall deface,

And only with its ruins grace,

The future prospect of the place.

Behold the glorious pile ascending *!

Columns swelling, arches bending,

Domes in awful pomp arising,

Art in curious strokes surprising,

Foes in figur'd fights contending,

Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 ANGEL.

He sees, he sees the great reward

For *Anna's* mighty chief prepar'd:

His growing joys no measure keep,

Too vehement and fierce her sleep.

1 ANGEL.

Let grief and love at once engage,

His heart is proof to all their pain;

Love may plead——

2 ANGEL.

—— And grief may rage——

BOTH.

But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[The angels ascend, and the vision disappears.]

* Scene changes to the plan of *Blenheim-castle*.

HENRY,

H E N R Y, starting from the couch.

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
 What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
 The scene yet stands before my eye,
 A thousand glorious deeds that lie
 In deep futurity obscure,
 Fights and triumphs immature,
 Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
 Ripening for mighty years to come,
 Break forth, and, to the day display'd,
 My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
 Transported with so bright a scheme,
 My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu ye wanton shades and bowers,

Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,

Rosy brakes,

Silver lakes;

To love and you

A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising woe!

Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?

O Rosamond! O fair distress'd,

How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,

Its unrelenting purpose tell;

And take the long, the last farewell!

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,

Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,

Spread thy gilded banners round,

Make thy thundering courser bound,

Bid

*Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all.*

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*The Scene changes to that part of the bower where
Sir Trusty lies upon the ground, with the bowl
and dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence,
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to assuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
*Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!*
But oh the fight my soul alarms;
My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.

[Retires to the end of the stage.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

K I N G and Q U E E N.

K I N G.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near :
 Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
 With secret horror dost thou shake ?
 Can dreams such dire impressions make !
 What means this solemn, silent show ?
 This pomp of death, this scene of woe !
 Support me, heav'n ! what's this I read ?
 O horror ! *Rosalmond is dead.*
 What shall I say, or whither turn ?
 With grief and rage, and love, I burn :
 From thought to thought my soul is tost,
 And in the whirl of passion lost,
 Why did I not in battle fall,
 Crush'd by the thunder of the *Gaul* !
 Why did the spear my bosom miss ?
 Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this ?

*Distracted with woe**I'll rush on the foe**To seek my relief :**The sword or the dart**Shall pierce my sad heart,**And finish my grief !*

Q U E E N.

QUEEN.

Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [Aside.

KING.

But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul

Eleonora was too near.

QUEEN.

Why do I here my Lord receive?

KING.

Is this the welcome that you give?

QUEEN.

Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

BOTH.

And is it thus, ah! thus we greet?

QUEEN.

What in these guilty shades cou'd you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

KING.

Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

QUEEN.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

KING.

The thirst of blood has your's possess'd.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

A heart so unrepenting.

KING.

A rage so unrelenting.

BOTH.

*Will for ever**Love disserve.**Will for ever break our rest.*

KING.

Floods of sorrow will I shed

To mourn the lovely shade!

My *Rosamond*, alas, is dead,

And where, O where convey'd!

*So bright a bloom, so soft an air,**Did ever nymph disclose!**The lily was not half so fair,**Nor half so sweet the rose.*

QUEEN.

How is his heart with anguish torn!

[*Aside.*]

My Lord, I cannot see you mourn:

The living you lament: while I,

To be lamented so, cou'd die.

KING.

The living! speak, oh speak again!

Why will you dally with my pain?

QUEEN.

Were your lov'd *Rosamond* alive,

Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

KING.

ROSAMOND.

KING.

Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

QUEEN.

How am I blest'd if this be true!—

[*Aside.*]

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!—

QUEEN.

Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Rosamond* does live.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,

How much more to give him ease?

When his passion we discover,

Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!

The bliss returns, and we receive

Transports greater than we give.

KING.

O quickly relate

This riddle of fate!

My impatience forgive,

Does *Rosamond* live?

QUEEN.

The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,

And,

And, in a convent plac'd, admire
 The cloister'd walls and virgin choir :
 With them in songs and hymns divine
 The beauteous penitent shall join,
 And bid the guilty world adieu.

K I N G.

How am I blest if this be true !

[*Afide.*

Q U E E N.

Atoning for herself and you.

K I N G.

I ask no more ! secure the fair
 In life and blifs : I ask not where :
 For ever from my fancy fled
 May the whole world believe her dead.
 That no foul minister of vice
 Again my sinking soul intice
 Its broken passion to renew,
 But let me live and die with you.

Q U E E N.

How does my heart for such a prize
 The vain censorious world despise,
 Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
 For *Rosamond* shall falsely mourn ;
 And with the present times agree,
 To brand my name with cruelty ;
 How does my heart for such a prize
 The vain censorious would despise !

But

But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your *Rosamond* alive.

KING.

O happy day! O pleasing view!
My Queen forgives——

QUEEN.

——My Lord is true.

KING.

No more I'll change.

QUEEN.

No more I'll grieve:

BOTH.

But ever thus united live.

Sir FRUSTY awaking.

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one wou'd swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er wou'd bury me in green.

S C E N E IV.

GRIDELINE and Sir TRUSTY.

G R I D E L I N E.

Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?

Sir T R U S T Y.

Widow *Trusty*, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou should'st thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak and veil.

G R I D E L I N E.

Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good King and Queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

Sir T R U S T Y.

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see;
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode, and be in fashion.
Then let not *Grideline* the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

G R I

G R I D E L I N E.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

*Since conjugal passion
Is came into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.*

Sir T R U S T Y.

And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The KING and QUEEN advancing.

K I N G.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Chearful days, and blisful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere,
From future grief and present fear.

B O T H.

*Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?*

THE KING AND QUEEN
TO THE
LORDS OF THE
COUNCIL
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
IN THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
KING CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
THEIR MAJESTIES' SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS
IN THAT BEHALF
JOHN BARNARD
CLERK OF THE COUNCIL
AND
JAMES BARNARD
CLERK OF THE COUNCIL
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
IN THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
KING CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
THEIR MAJESTIES' SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS
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JOHN BARNARD
CLERK OF THE COUNCIL
AND
JAMES BARNARD
CLERK OF THE COUNCIL

C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus
operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis
cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam,
quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere
animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam parti-
bus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas pub-
licas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

O T A 3

TRA CED Y.

[illegible]

V E R S E S

To the AUTHOR of the

TRAGEDY of *CATO*.

WHILE you the fierce-divided *Britons* awe,
 And *Cato* with an equal virtue draw,
 While *envy* is itself in wonder lost,
 And *factions* strive who shall applaud you most;
 Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
 Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
 And join th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
 On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
 To my * light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
 And impotently strove to borrow fame:
 Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
 Let me then live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

* *Tender Husband*, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

Though *Cato* shines in *Virgil's* epic song,
 Prescribing laws among th' *Elysian* throng;
 Though *Lucan's* verse, exalted by his name,
 O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
 The *Roman* stage did ne'er his image see,
 Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
 By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
 And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
 We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
 Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
 And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On *Tiber's* banks thy thought was first inspir'd,
 'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
 Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
 Or in a dream thou saw'st *Rome's* genius stand,
 And, leading *Cato* in his sacred hand,
 Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
 And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
 While nobler morals grace the *British* stage!
 Great *Shakespeare's* ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
 (Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
 Will hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
 His fav'rite *Brutus* rival'd thus by you.
 Such *Roman* greatness in each action shines,
 Such *Roman* eloquence adorns your lines,

That

That sure the *Sibyls* books this year foretold,
 And in some mystic leaf was seen inroll'd,
 ' *Rome*, turn thy mournful eyes from *Afric's* shore,
 ' Nor in her sands thy *Cato's* tomb explore!
 ' When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
 ' His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
 ' An isle remote his monument shall rear,
 ' And ev'ry gen'rous *Briton* pay a tear.'

J. HUGHES.

What do we see! is *Cato* then become
 A greater name in *Britain* than in *Rome*?
 Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
 Though *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Virgil* wrote before?
 How will posterity this truth explain?
 " *Cato* begins to live in *Anna's* reign :"
 The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
 Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
 Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
 And virtues by departed heroes taught,
 Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
 Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
 To your renown all ages you subdue,
 And *Cæsar* fought, and *Cato* bled for you.

All-Souls college,
Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
 And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
 To show, how endless joys from freedom spring:
 How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
 The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
 You tread the paths frequented by the few.
 With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
 Virtue, and sense! how durst you hope to please?
 Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
 Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
 Even the sour critics, who malicious came,
 Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
 Finding the hero regularly rise,
 Great, while he lives, but greater when he dies,
 Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
 And sicken'd with the pleasures, which they felt.
 Not so the *Fair* their passions secret kept,
 Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
 When gloriously the blooming *Marcus* dy'd,
 And *Cato* told the gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

See! how your lays the *British* youth inflame!
 They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
 Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
 And unborn *Cato's* heave in every breast;
 Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
 And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
 So, griev'd to view the *Marathonian* spoils,
 The young *Themistocles* vowed equal toils;

Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great *William's* praise rehearse,
And paint *Britannia's* joys in *Roman* verse.
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From *blooming mountains*, and *Italian* plains.
Virgil began in *English* dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful *Ovid* to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal *Marl'brough* was your darling song;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your *Rosamond* for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose;
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:

Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
 Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
 The chasteſt virgin needs no blushes fear,
 The learn'd themſelves, not uninſtructed, hear.
 The libertine, in pleaſures us'd to roll,
 And idly ſport with an immortal ſoul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

When-e'er you traaverse vaſt *Numidia's* plains,
 What ſluggiſh *Briton* in his iſle remains?
 When *Juba* ſeeks the tiger with delight,
 We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
 By the deſcription warm'd, we fondly ſweat,
 And in the chilling eaſt-wind pant with heat.
 What eyes behold not, how *the ſtream refin'd,*
 'Till by degrees *the floating mirror ſhines?*
 While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
 We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
 And all the ſudden ſounding ruin hear.
 When purple robes, diſtain'd with blood, deceive,
 And make poor *Marcia* beautifully grieve,
 When ſhe her ſecret thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
 Well may the Prince exult with noble pride,
 Not for his *Libyan* crown, but *Roman* bride.

But I in vain on ſingle features dwell,
 While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
 So rich the ſtore, ſo dubious is the feaſt,
 We know not, which to paſs, or which to taſte.

The

The shining incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
 Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
 And with variety of gems surprise.
 Here *Sapphires*, here the *Sardian Stone* is seen,
 The *Topaz* yellow, and the *Jasper* green.
 The costly *Brilliant* there, confus'dly bright,
 From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
 The different colours mingling in a blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

Trinity-college,
 Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.



TOO long hath love ingross'd *Britannia's* stage,
 And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair one's eyes;
 The sweet infection, next with dangerous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart,
 You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
 A patriot's fall my justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
 'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
 Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight.
 His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
 Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
 Awhile they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
 Anxious for *Rome*, and sigh for *Cato's* fate.
 Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
 Our *Britons* crowd, and catch the *Roman* flame.

Where

Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to *British* arms, and *British* wit:
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like *Romans*, cou'd like *Romans* fight.

Thy *Oxford* smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls and the gods of *Rome*,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word express'd,
And every thought that swell'd a *Roman* breast.
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With *Virgil's* judgment, and with *Lucan's* fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

Queen's-college,
Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.



SIR,

S I R,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd;
 And *Cato's* hands in his own blood imbru'd;
 That scene of death so terrible appears,
 My soul could only thank you with her tears.
 Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
 Does all the passions of the soul command,
 That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but your's could draw the doubtful strife,
 Of honour struggling with the love of life?
 Describe the patriot, obstinately good;
 As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
 The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
 His piercing sight, and heav'n the distant shore.
 Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
 He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
 And rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old *Rome* rejoice, to hear you tell
 How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
 And form new *Juba's* in the *British* youth.
 Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
 Are pleas'd with ruin and in love with death.
 And when her conquering sword *Britannia* draws,
 Resolves to perish, or defend her cause.
 Now first on *Albion's* theatre we see,
 A perfect image of what man should be;
 The glorious character is now express'd,
 Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.

Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In *Cato's* soul, as in her heav'n she shines.

*All Souls College,
Oxon.*

DIGBY COTES.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.

NOW we may speak, since *Cato* speaks no more;
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with *lōs* rung
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old *Rome* in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his god-like figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng; [tongue.
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every
So in thy pompous line has *Cato* far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here:
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;

So.

So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd ;
 Like *Ammon's* temple rear'd on *Libya's* waste :
 Behold its glowing paint ! its easy weight !
 Its nice proportions ! and stupendous height !
 How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage !
 A *Roman* worthy on a *Grecian* stage !

But where shall *Cato's* praise begin or end ;
 Inclined to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend !
 How great his genius when the traitor crowd
 Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd ;
 Quell'd by his look, and listning to his lore,
 Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more !
 When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
 The cure of slavish life, and flighted love,
 Brave *Marcus* new in early death appears
 While *Cato* counts his wounds, and not his years ;
 Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
 Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
 But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
 That honest, stanch, impracticable heart ;
 No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath ;
 The dying *Roman* shames the pomp of death.

O sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
 To season blessings, and to soften woe ;
 Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
 The toil of ages, and the crown of wars :
 If taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
 In strains as precious as his hero's blood ;

Persever those strains, an everlasting charm
 To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm :
 Be this thy guardian image still secure,
 In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure ;
 Our great *Palladium* shall perform its part,
 Fix'd and inshrin'd in every *British* heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd ;
 And the true Poet is a public good.
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws ;
 Your many scenes had liberty restor'd ;
 And giv'n the just success to *Cato's* sword :
 O'er *Cæsar's* arms your genius had prevail'd ;
 And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.



P R O.

P R O L O G U E

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age,
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What *Plato* thought, and god-like *Cato* was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys ;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state !

While.

While *Cato* gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Even when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state,
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd ——— tears gush'd from every eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
 And honour'd *Cæsar*'s less than *Cato*'s sword.

Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first-fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom she subdu'd.
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On *French* translation, and *Italian* song:
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
 Such plays alone should please a *British* ear,
 As *Cato*'s self had not disdain'd to hear.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>CATO</i> ,		Mr. Booth.
<i>Lucius</i> , a Senator,		Mr. Keen.
<i>Sempronius</i> , a Senator,		Mr. Mills.
<i>Juba</i> , Prince of <i>Numidia</i> ,		Mr. Wilks.
<i>Syphax</i> , General of the <i>Numidians</i> ,		Mr. Cibber.
<i>Portius</i> ,	} Sons of <i>Cato</i> ,	Mr. Powell.
<i>Marcus</i> ,		Mr. Ryan.
<i>Decius</i> , Ambassador from <i>Cæsar</i> ,		Mr. Bowman.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

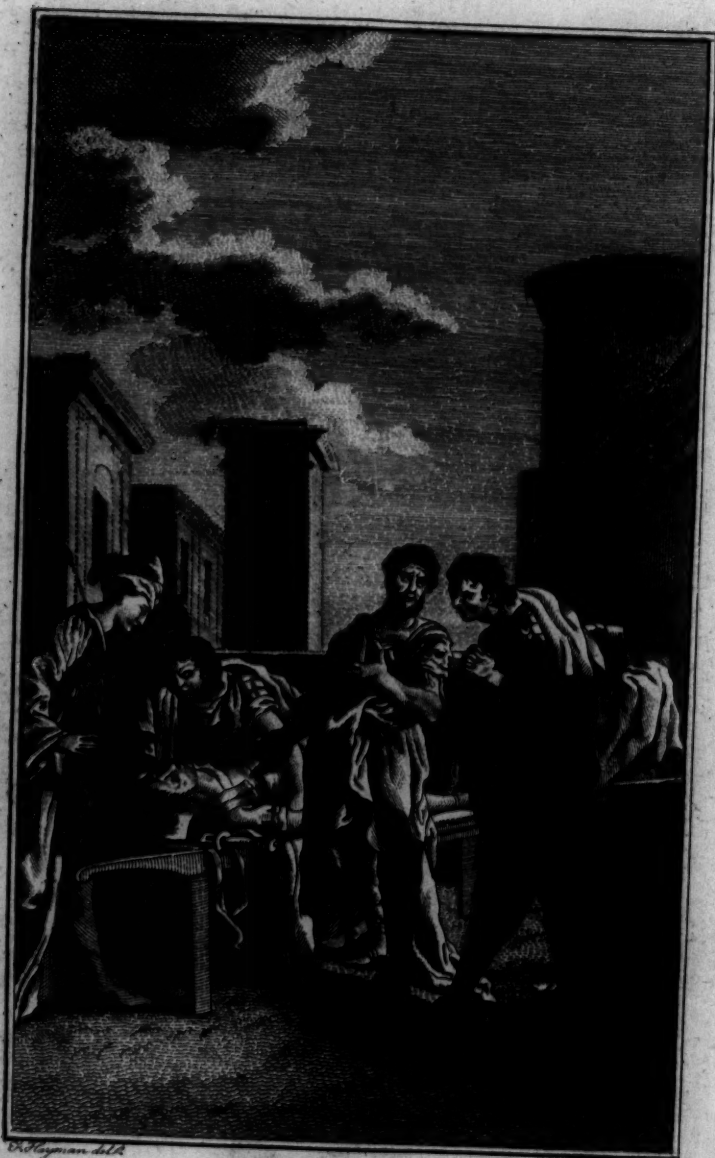
<i>Marcia</i> , Daughter to <i>Cato</i> ,	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Lucia</i> , Daughter to <i>Lucius</i> ,	Mrs. Porter.

SCENE a large hall in the Governor's
palace of *Utica*.

CATO.

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Engraving del.

Vol. II. facing pa. 71.

J. Lodge sculp.

C A T O

ACT I. SCENE I.

P O R T I U S, M A R C U S.

THE dawn is over-cast; the morning fairs,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate
 Of *Cato* and of *Rome*—Our father's death
 Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
 And close the scene of blood. Already *Cæsar*
 Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
 Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battles, and support his crimes.
 Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
 Among your works!

M A R C U S.

Thy steady temper, *Portius*,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæsar*,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy;

I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think
 On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd]
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
 Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
 Strow'd with *Rome's* citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
 His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
 Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen curse,
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

P O R T I U S.

Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatness,
 And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
 How does the lustre of our father's actions,
 Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
 His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
 Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
 His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
 Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

M A R C U S.

Who knows not this? but what can *Cato* do
 Against a world, a base degenerate world,
 That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
 Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
 A poor epitome of *Roman* greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs

A feeble army, and an empty senate;
 Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
 By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
 Distract my very soul: Our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

P O R T I U S.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
 The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
 Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search:
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

M A R C U S.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease;
 Oh, *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the griefs
 That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
 Passion unpity'd, and successful love,
 Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
 My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind! —

P O R T I U S.

Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival:
 But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*]

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
 Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
 And call up all thy father in thy soul:
 To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
 On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
 Would be a conquest worthy *Cato's* son.

M A R C U S.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
 Bid me for honour plunge into a war
 Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
 Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
 To follow glory, and confess his father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
 I feel it here: my resolution melts——

P O R T I U S.

Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,
 And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
 To copy out our father's bright example.
 He loves our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
 His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
 But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
 The sense of honour, and desire of fame
 Drive the big passion back into his heart.
 What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* heir
 Reproach great *Cato's* son, and show the world
 A virtue wanting in a *Roman* soul?

M A R C U S.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
 When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, show

A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

M A R C U S.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

P O R T I U S.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilst I speak—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

M A R C U S.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

P O R T I U S.

O *Marcus*, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

M A R C U S.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—but *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [Aside,

Good-morrow *Portius*! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman* liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little *Roman* senate,
(The leavings of *Pharfalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to *Cæsar*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even *Cæsar* tremble at the head

Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my *Portius*,
 Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
 Would but thy sister *Marcia* be propitious
 To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

P O R T I U S.

Alas! *Sempronius*, wouldst thou talk of love
 To *Marcia*, whilst her father's life's in danger?
 Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
 When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

S E M P R O N I U S.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
 The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my *Portius*!
 The world has all its eyes on *Cato's* son,
 Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
 And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
 To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.

P O R T I U S.

Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
 On this important hour——I'll straight away
 And while the fathers of the Senate meet,
 In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
 I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage,
 With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
 I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
 And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deserve it. [Exit.

SEMPRONIUS *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his fire!
 Ambitiously sententious!—but I wonder
 Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
 Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
 And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
 And every moment quickened to the course.
 ——— *Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refused
 His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
 Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
 Are bars to my ambition. *Cæsar's* favour,
 That show's down greatness on his friends, will raise me
 To *Rome's* first honours. If I give up *Cato*,
 I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
 But *Syphax* comes! ———

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

——— *Sempronius*, all is ready,
 I've sound'd my *Numidians*, man by man,
 And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
 Complain aloud of *Cato's* discipline,
 And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waste;
 Even whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,

And

And gathers ground upon us every moment.
 Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active soul,
 With what a dreadful course he rushes on
 From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
 Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
 The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
 Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
 Impatient for the battle: one day more
 Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
 That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
 And challenge better terms.

S Y P H A X.

Alas! he's lost,
 He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
 Of *Cato's* virtues:—but I'll try once more
 (For every instant I expect him here)
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
 Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
 That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
 And struck th' infection into all his soul.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Be sure to press upon him every motive,
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
 Would give up *Afric* into *Cæsar's* hands,
 And make him Lord of half the burning zone.

S Y P H A X.

But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your senate
Is call'd together? gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless thy're cover'd thick with art:

S E M P R O N I U S.

Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæsar* 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

S Y P H A X.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct gray hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

S E M P R O N I U S.

Once more be sure to try thy skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, 'till the concluding stroke

Deter-

Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.]

SYPHAX solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
The time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us——
But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

J U B A, S Y P H A X.

J U B A.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late they looks are fallen,
O'ercastr with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

S Y P H A X.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

J U B A.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the Lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Afric*,

Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

S Y P H A X.

Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own *Numidia's* tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow!
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Lanch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?
Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

J U B A.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: Virtues like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

S Y P H A X.

Patience, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's wramth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behaviour,

That

That render man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
 In short, to change us into other creatures,
 Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

J U B A.

To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato*!
 There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man:
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

S Y P H A X.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
 That traverses our vast *Numidian* deserts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practises these boasted virtues.
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:

Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

J U B A.

Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
 What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
 Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
 But grant that others could with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like *Cato*?
 Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

S Y P H A X.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
 I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.
 Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato's* cause,
 He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
 On *Africa's* sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of *Numidia*.

J U B A.

Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

S R.

S Y P H A X.

Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

J U B A.

What would'st thou have me do?

S Y P H A X.

Abandon *Cato*.

J U B A.

Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

S Y P H A X.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. *Marcia's* charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

J U B A.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

S Y P H A X.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad, remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.

The

The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

J U B A.

Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

S Y P H A X.

By laying up his counsels in your heart:

J U B A.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface:

S Y P H A X.

Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety:

J U B A.

I do believe thou would'st: but tell me how?

S Y P H A X.

Fly from the fate that follows *Cæsar's* foes.

J U B A.

My father scorn'd to do it.

S Y P H A X.

And therefore dy'd.

J U B A.

J U B A.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

S Y P H A X.

Rather say your love.

J U B A.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

S Y P H A X.

Believe me, Prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama's* royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

J U B A.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms

With

With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. *Cato's* soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
 But on my knees I beg you would consider——

JUBA.

Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!—she moves this way:
 And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair daughter.
 My heart beats thick—— I pr'ythee *Syphax* leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
 Now will this woman with a single glance
 Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
 The face of war, and make even horror smile!
 At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
 I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
 And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.

MARCIA.

M A R C I A.

I should be grieved, young Prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

J U B A.

O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

M A R C I A.

My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and *Cato*.

J U B A.

That *Juba* may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

M A R C I A.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

J U B A.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with *Cato's* virtue.

If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
 The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
 And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
 O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
 And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
 What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
 For *Marcia's* love. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

L U C I A, M A R C I A.

L U C I A.

Marcia, you're too severe:
 How could you chide the young good-natur'd Prince,
 And drive him from you with so stern an air,
 A Prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

M A R C I A.

'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
 His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
 Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

L U C I A.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
 And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

M A R C I A.

How, *Lucia*! would'st thou have me sink away
 In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,

When

When every moment *Cato's* life's at stake!
Cesar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

L U C I A.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mold,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

M A R C I A.

Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

L U C I A.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia's* brothers, and the sons of *Cato*.

M A R C I A.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

L U C I A.

Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

M A R C I A.

M A R C I A.

For neither ———

And yet for both——the youths have equal share
In *Marcia's* wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia's* choice?

L U C I A.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what——

M A R C I A.

O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

L U C I A.

Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my choice?
—O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

M A R C I A.

Alas, poor youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee?
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,

He

He sends out all his soul in every word,
 And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported,
 Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
 Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
 I dread the consequence.

L U C I A.

You seem to plead
 Against your brother *Portius*.

M A R C I A.

Heaven forbid!
 Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful lover,
 The same compassion would have fallen on him.

L U C I A.

Was ever virgin-love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
 As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
 Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
 Now show which way it turns. So much he fears
 The sad effects that it would have on *Marcus*.

M A R C I A.

He knows too well how easily he's fired,
 And would not plunge his brother in despair,
 But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

L U C I A.

Alas! too late I find myself involved
 In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
 Born to afflict my *Marcia's* family,

And

And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

M A R C I A.

Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees, the floating mirrour shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [Exit.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The S E N A T E.**S E M P R O N I U S.*

ROME still survives in this assembled senate!

Let us remember we are *Cato's* friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

L U C I U S.

Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[*A sound of trumpets.*]

May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

*Enter C A T O.**C A T O.*

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
Why should I mention *Juba's* overthrow,
And *Scipio's* death? *Numidia's* burning sands

Still

Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take: Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Libya's* sultry deserts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius speak.

S E M P R O N I U S.

My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a *Roman* senate long debate
 Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
 Manure the fields of *Thessaly*, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains,
 Rouse up for shame! our brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
 Great *Pompey's* shade complains that we are slow,
 And *Scipio's* ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

C A T O.

C A T O.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason :
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
 In *Rome's* defence, intrusted to our care ?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not the impartial world with reason say
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

L U C I U S.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows and with orphans : *Scythia* mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome* :
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in heaven's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to *Rome*,
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves;

But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no farther use: Our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
 Unprofitably shed; what men could do
 Is done already: Heav'n and earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

S E M P R O N I U S.

This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
 Conceal a traitor——something whispers me
 All is not right—*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aside to Cato.*]

C A T O.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
 And fear, admitted into public counsels,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us:
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In *Afric's* heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise as its young Prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
 But wait at least 'till *Cæsar's* near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,

So

So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
 And let me perish, but, in *Cato's* judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter M A R C U S.

M A R C U S.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
 Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
 From *Cæsar's* camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
 The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

C A T O.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
 Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His message may determine our resolves.

S C E N E II.

D E C I U S, C A T O, &c.

D E C I U S.

Cæsar sends health to *Cato*.——

C A T O.

Could he send it
 To *Cato's* slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your orders to address the senate?

D E C I U S.

My business is with *Cato*: *Cæsar* sees
The straits, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

C A T O.

My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome*:
Would he save *Cato*? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has pow'r to offer.

D E C I U S.

Rome and her senators submit to *Cæsar*.
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* friend?

C A T O.

Those very reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

D E C I U S.

Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the second of mankind.

C A T O.

No more!

I must

I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life :
Let him but know the price of *Cato's* friendship ;
And name your terms.

C A T O.

Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a *Roman* senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

C A T O.

Nay more, tho' *Cato's* voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the *Rostrum* in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A style, like this, becomes a conqueror.

C A T O.

Decius, a style like this, becomes a *Roman*.

DECIUS.

What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar's* foe ?

C A T O.

Greater than *Cæsar* : he's a friend to virtue.

D E C I U S.

Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
 And at the head of your own little senate;
 You don't now thunder in the capitol,
 With all the mouths of *Rome* to second you.

C A T O.

Let him consider that, who drives us hither:
 'Tis *Cæsar's* sword has made *Rome's* senate little,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
 Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
 Should never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

D E C I U S.

Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
 For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

C A T O.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous man! the gods take care of *Cato*.
 Would *Cæsar* show the greatness of his soul?
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,

And

And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

D E C I U S.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All *Rome* will be in tears. [Exit Decius.]

S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

L U C I U S.

The senate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air,

From time to time, or gaze upon the sun ;
 'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
 O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
 In *Cæsar's* bosom, and revenge my country,
 By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
 And smile in agony.

L U C I U S.

Others perhaps
 May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
 Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

S E M P R O N I U S.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
 In lukewarm patriots.

C A T O.

Come ! no more, *Sempronius*,
 All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
 Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
 By our divisions.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, my resentments
 Are sacrific'd to *Rome*——I stand reprov'd.

C A T O.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

L U C I U S.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
 We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

S E M.

S E M P R O N I U S.

We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

C A T O.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

S C E N E IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

C A T O.

Juba, the *Roman* senate has resolv'd
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæsar*.

J U B A.

The resolution fits a *Roman* senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience
And condescend to hear a young man speak.

My father, when some days before his death

He order'd me to march for *Utica*
 (Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
 Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
 And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
 Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
 Be *Cato's* friend, he'll train thee up to great
 And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

C A T O.

Juba, thy father was a worthy Prince,
 And merited, alas! a better fate;
 But heaven thought otherwise.

J U B A.

My father's fate,
 In spite of all the fortitude, that shines
 Before my face, in *Cato's* great example,
 Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

C A T O.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

J U B A.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
 The Kings of *Afric* sought him for their friend;
 Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
 Behind the hidden sources of the *Nile*,
 In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
 Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
 Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.

C A T O.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

J U B A.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

C A T O.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of *Cæsar*?
Reduc'd like *Hannibal*, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down:
A vagabond in *Afric*!

J U B A.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

C A T O.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.

But know, young Prince, that value soars above
 What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
 These are not ills; else would they never fall
 On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
 The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
 That give mankind occasion to exert
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
 Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
 In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

J U B A.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
 And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

C A T O.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
 Laborious virtues all? learn them from *Cato*:
 Success and fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.

J U B A.

The best good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
 The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
 Depends on *Cato*.

C A T O.

What does *Juba* say?
 Thy words confound me.

J U B A.

I would fain retract them,
 Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

C A T O.

C A T O.

Tell me thy wish, young Prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

J U B A.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

C A T O.

What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

J U B A.

I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her father's virtues.

C A T O.

What would'st thou say?

J U B A.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

C A T O.

Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.



S C E N E

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C A T O.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my Prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Sypbax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for *Marcia*.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*?

SYPHAX.

S Y P H A X.

Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!
 I've known young *Juba* rise, before the sun,
 To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
 Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
 How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
 When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've seen you,
 Even in the *Libyan* dog-days, hunt him down,
 Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
 Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
 Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

J U B A.

Pr'ythee, no more!

S Y P H A X.

How would the old King smile
 To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
 And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

J U B A.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
 In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

S Y P H A X.

Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be your's.

J U B A.

What say'st thou, *Syphax*!
 By heav'n's, thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might still be your's.

JUBA.

As how, dear *Syphax*?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands *Numidia*'s hardy troops,
 Mounted on steeds, unus'd to the restraint
 Of curbs and bits, and fleetier than the wind :
 Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
 And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can such dishonest thoughts
 Rise up in man ! would'st thou seduce my youth
 To do an act that would destroy my honour ?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk !
 Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
 That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
 To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA.

Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a ruffian ?

SYPHAX.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
 Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
 This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
 That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
 All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.

Your

Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

J U B A.

Sypbax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

S Y P H A X.

Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

J U B A.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

S Y P H A X.

Go, go, you're young.

J U B A.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

S Y P H A X.

I have gone too far.

[*Aside.*

J U B A.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

S Y P H A X.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young Prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

J U B A.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

S Y P H A X.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

J U B A.

Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy Prince with scorn?

S Y P H A X.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old *Sypbax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to:
Is it not this? to shed the flow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

J U B A.

Sypbax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

S Y P H A X.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:

But

But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

J U B A.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

S Y P H A X.

What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

J U B A.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

S Y P H A X.

And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me traitor.

J U B A.

Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

S Y P H A X.

You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service.

J U B A.

Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,

And

And imitates her actions, where she is not :
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By heavens !
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me !
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my King
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour,
By the same duties, that oblige their Prince !

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself,
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our *Punic* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato's* lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand ! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age :
Thy Prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.

IF

If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
 My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewell: I'll hence, and try to find
 Some blest occasion that may set me right
 In *Cato's* thoughts. I'd rather have that man
 Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX solus.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
 Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
 Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
 My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
 But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds: —
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine —

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Ah hail, *Sempronius*!
 Well, *Cato's* senate is resolv'd to wait
 The fury of a siege, before it yields.

SEM-

S E M P R O N I U S.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:

Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a messenger from *Caesar*.

Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,

We both must perish in the common wreck,

Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

S Y P H A X.

But how stands *Cato*?

S E M P R O N I U S.

Thou hast seen mount *Atlas*:

While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,

And oceans break their billows at its feet,

It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,

'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,

Rises superior, and looks down on *Caesar*.

S Y P H A X.

But what's this messenger?

S E M P R O N I U S.

I've practis'd with him,

And found a means to let the victor know

That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.

But let me now examine in my turn:

Is *Juba* fixt?

S Y P H A X.

Yes,—but it is to *Cato*.

I've

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
 Sooth'd and carels'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
 Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight;
 But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
 He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
 And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
 Thy *Juba's* cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

S Y P H A X.

May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her!

S E M P R O N I U S.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
 Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

S Y P H A X.

Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
 But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
 Does the sedition catch from man to man,
 And run among their ranks?

S E M P R O N I U S.

All, all is ready,
 The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
 Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
 They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
 Unusual fastings, and will bear no more

This

This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

S Y P H A X.

Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unskaken *Cato*
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide *Numidian* wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.



ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

M A R C U S *and* P O R T I U S.

M A R C U S.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
'Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

M A R C U S.

Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

P O R T I U S.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.

V O L. II.

G

The

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wife,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

M A R C U S.

Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

P O R T I U S.

What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

M A R C U S.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him:

Describe

Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

M A R C U S.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

P O R T I U S.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons——

M A R C U S.

I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That *Cato's* great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

P O R T I U S.

What should I do! if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*]

M A R C U S.

But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys the noon day breeze ! observe her, *Portius* !
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty !
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

P O R T I U S.

She sees us, and advances——

M A R C U S.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

L U C I A, P O R T I U S.

L U C I A.

Did I not see your brother *Marcus* here ?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence ?

P O R T I U S.

Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to show
His rage of love ; it preys upon his life ;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies ;
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns ! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul !
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd ! my heart bleeds for him ;

Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.

L U C I A.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might insure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

P O R T I U S.

Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my *Lucia*?
His generous, open, undefining heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——

L U C I A.

No, *Portius*, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I swear, to heav'n I swear,
To heav'n, and all the pow'rs that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out

From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

P O R T I U S.

What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

L U C I A.

Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

P O R T I U S.

Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

L U C I A.

At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

P O R T I U S.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

L U C I A.

O stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure;

The

The gods forbid us to indulge our loves :
But oh ! I cannot bear thy hate, and live !

P O R T I U S.

Talk not of love : thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel maid !
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do ?
Quick, let us part ! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee ! —hah, she faints !
Wretch that I am ! what has my rashness done !
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence ! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex ! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But ah ! she moves ! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

L U C I A.

O *Portius*, was this well !—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles ! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd !
—What do I say ? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us ! we must part.

P O R T I U S.

Name not the word; my frightened thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

L U C I A.

What would'st thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heav'n and thee! thy awful fire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!

P O R T I U S.

To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heav'n is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

L U C I A.

Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.

Why

Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
 Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
 It softens me too much—farewel, my *Portius*,
 Farewel, though death is in the word, for ever!

P O R T I U S.

Stay, *Lucia* stay! what dost thou say? For ever?

L U C I A.

Have I not sworn? if, *Portius*, thy success
 Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewel,
 Oh, how shall I repeat the word! For ever!

P O R T I U S.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
 Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
 And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
 —Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
 And can't get loose.

L U C I A.

If the firm *Portius* shake
 To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

P O R T I U S.

'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
 The common accidents of life, but here
 Such an unlook'd for storm of ills falls on me,
 It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
 We must not part.

L U C I A.

What dost thou say? not part?

Hast thou forget the vow that I have made?
 Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder, o'er us?
 —But see! thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
 I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
 Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
 Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

S C E N E III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
 To life or death?

PORTIUS.

What would'st thou have me say?

MARCUS.

What means this pensive posture; thou appear'st
 Like one amaz'd and terrified.

PORTIUS.

I've reason.

MARCUS.

Thy cast-down looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
 Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
 My cause has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MAR.

M A R C U S.

What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

P O R T I U S.

Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs:
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

M A R C U S.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

P O R T I U S

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

M A R C U S.

What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its self——but hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

P O R T I U S.

A second, louder yet,

Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

M A R C U S.

Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
 Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

P O R T I U S.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* life
 Stands sure? O *Marcus*, I'm warm'd, my heart
 Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

S C E N E IV.

S E M P R O N I U S *with the leaders of
 the mutiny.*

S E M P R O N I U S.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high;
 Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
 In its full fury, and direct it right,
 'Till it has spent itself on *Cato's* head.
 Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
 One of the number, that what-e'er arrive,
 My friends and fellow-foldiers may be safe.

I L E A D E R.

We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
 But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;

Be

Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
 This day will end our toils, and gives us rest!
 Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

S C E N E V.

C A T O, S E M P R O N I U S, L U C I U S,
 P O R T I U S, M A R C U S, &c.

C A T O.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
 That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
 And to their general send a brave defiance?

S E M P R O N I U S.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*]

C A T O.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
 Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
 Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
 Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
 Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
 Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
 Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
 With *Cato's* foes, and follow *Cæsar's* banners.
 Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd aspic's rage,
 And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
 To see this day? why could not *Cato* fall

With-

Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
 Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
 And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
 Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
 Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato*?
 Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
 Superior toils, and heavier weight of care?
 Painful preeminence!

S E M P R O N I U S.

By heavens they droop!
 Confusion to the villains! all is lost.

[*Aside.*]

C A T O.

Have you forgotten *Libya's* burning waste,
 Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
 Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
 Who was the first t' explore th' untrodden path,
 When life was hazarded in every step?
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
 Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

S E M P R O N I U S.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
 Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
 And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
 Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
 Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,

And:

And clouds of dust ? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats ?

C A T O.

Hence, worthless men ! hence ! and complain to *Cæsar*—
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

L U C I U S.

See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy men ! they weep !
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

C A T O.

Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

L U C I U S.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men ?

S E M P R O N I U S.

How ! would'st thou clear rebellion !

Lucius

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato's* blood.

C A T O.

Forbear, *Sempronius*!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

C A T O.

Mean-while we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of
the mutiny.*

1 LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off! base groveling worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this——

S E M.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

S C E N E VII.

S Y P H A X and S E M P R O N I U S.

S Y P H A X.

Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted; their *Numidian* steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into *Cæsar's* camp.

S E M P R O N I U S.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

S Y P H A X.

How! will *Sempronius* turn a woman's slave?

S E M P R O N I U S.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:

When

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

Well said! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have *Juba's* dress, and *Juba's* guards:
The doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heav'ns what a thought is there! *Marcia's* my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With growing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face?
So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT

A C T I V. S C E N E I.

L U C I A and M A R C I A.

L U C I A.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
 To suffer greater ills than *Lucia* suffers?

M A R C I A.

○ *Lucia!* *Lucia!* might my big swoln heart
 Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
 With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

L U C I A.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
 By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
 But which of these has pow'r to charm like *Portius*?

M A R C I A.

Still must I beg thee not to name *Sempronius*:
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
 Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness:
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
 Any of woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

L U C I A.

L U C I A.

And why not *Marcia*? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

M A R C I A.

While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

L U C I A.

But should this father give you to *Sempronius*?

M A R C I A.

I dare not think he will: but if he should——
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.



S C E N E

S C E N E II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dress'd like JUBA*, with
Numidian guards.

S E M P R O N I U S.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
His mistress lost? if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba's* self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut [tremble!
Through those his guards.—Hah, dastards, do you
Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n—

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia's* Prince?

S E M P R O N I U S.

One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUBA.

J U B A.

What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

S E M P R O N I U S.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

J U B A.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

[*Semp. falls. His guards surrender.*]

S E M P R O N I U S.

Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*]

J U B A.

With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.



S C E N E

S C E N E III.

L U C I A, M A R C I A.

L U C I A.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake—
I die away with horror at the thought.

M A R C I A.

See *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian*! Heavens preserve the Prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my fight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

L U C I A.

Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

M A R C I A.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

L U C I A.

L U C I A.

What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

M A R C I A.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills :
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter J U B A listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair ;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

J U B A.

What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

L U C I A.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

M A R C I A.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

J U B A.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

M A R C I A.

Oh he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,

A secret pleasure gladen'd all that saw him;
 But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd:
 To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

J U B A.

I shall run mad ———

M A R C I A.

O *Juba*! *Juba*! *Juba*!

J U B A.

What means that voice! did she not call on *Juba*?

M A R C I A.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
 He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
 Amidst its agonies, remember'd *Marcia*.
 And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
 Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Juba*!

J U B A.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
 What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elysium* round me!

M A R C I A.

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
 Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
 A last embrace, while thus ———

J U B A.

See, *Marcia*, see, [Throwing himself before her.
 The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch

I

That

That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

M A R C I A.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported !
Sure 'tis a dream ! dead and alive at once !
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there ?

J U B A.

A wretch,
Disguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee :
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my *Marcia's* tears.

M A R C I A.

I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back : the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

J U B A.

I'm lost in ecstasy ! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid ?

M A R C I A.

And dost thou live to ask it ?

H 2

J U B A

J U B A.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as *Juba* never felt 'till now!

M A R C I A.

Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

J U B A.

O fortunate mistake!

M A R C I A.

O happy *Marcia*!

J U B A.

My joy! my best belov'd! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

M A R C I A.

Lucia, thy arm! O let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

J U B A.

I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.

What though *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
 And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
 Let *Cæsar* have the world, if *Marcia's* mine.

S C E N E IV.

A March at a Distance.

C A T O and L U C I U S.

L U C I U S.

I stand astonish'd! what, the bold *Sempronius*!
 That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
 As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
 And virtuous ev'n to madness——

C A T O.

Trust me, *Lucius*,
 Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
 Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
 —— O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
 The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter P O R T I U S.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this haste?
 Why are thy looks thus changed?

P O R T I U S.

My heart is griev'd.

H 3

I bring

I bring such news as will afflict my father.

C A T O.

Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

P O R T I U S.

Not so.

The traitor *Syphax*, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horse
To the south gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

C A T O.

Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman's* part. [*Exit Portius*.
———*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me;
Justice gives way to force: The conquer'd world
Is *Cæsar's*: *Cato* has no business in it.

L U C I U S.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her *Cato's* presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

C A T O.

Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number
Of *Cæsar's* slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

L U.

L U C I U S.

The victor never will impose on *Cato*
 Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
 The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar's*.

C A T O.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
 Such popular humanity is treason——
 But see young *Juba*! the good youth appears
 Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

L U C I U S.

Alas, poor Prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter J U B A.

J U B A.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
 Before thy presence, *Cato*.

C A T O.

What's thy crime?

J U B A.

I'm a *Numidian*.

C A T O.

And a brave one too.
 Thou hast a *Roman* soul.

J U B A.

Hast thou not heard
 Of my false countrymen?

H 4

C A T O.

C A T O.

Alas, young Prince,
Falshood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes——*Rome* has its *Cæsars*.

J U B A.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distressed.

C A T O.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, Prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

J U B A.

What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* empire.

Re-enter P O R T I U S.

P O R T I U S.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*——

C A T O.

Hah! what has he done!
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

P O R T I U S.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,

Breath-

Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
 Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
 He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
 'Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
 Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

C A T O.

I'm satisfy'd.

P O R T I U S.

Nor did he fall before
 His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of *Syphax*.
 Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
 Gripe in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

C A T O.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
 — *Pontius*, when I am dead, be sure thou place
 His urn near mine.

P O R T I U S.

Long may they keep asunder!

L U C I U S.

O *Cato*, arm thy soul with all its patience;
 See where the corps of thy dead son approaches!
 The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
 Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

C A T O meeting the Corps.

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure

H g

The

The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!

Who would not be that youth? what pity is it

That we can die but once to serve our country!

—Why fits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blush'd if *Cato's* house had stood

Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—*Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember

Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

J U B A.

Was ever man like this! [Aside.]

C A T O.

Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss

Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.

The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,

That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,

And set the nations free, *Rome* is no more.

O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

J U B A.

Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [Aside.]

C A T O.

Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has subdu'd,

The sun's whole course, the day and year, are *Caesar's*.

For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,

The

The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipios* conquer'd:
 Even *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my friends!
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The *Roman* empire fallen! O curst ambition!
 Fallen into *Cæsar's* hands! our great forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

J U B A.

While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
 Mankind enslav'd, and be ashamed of empire.

C A T O.

Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen *Pharsalia*?

L U C I U S.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

C A T O.

Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
 Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd *Cato*.
 But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
 'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

L U C I U S.

Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.

C A T O.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
 What'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
 Add, if you please, that I request it of him,

The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.

Should I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,

Or seek the conqueror? —

J U B A.

If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon *Juba*!

C A T O.

Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,

Will one day make thee great: At *Rome*, hereafter,

'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.

Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft hast seen

Thy fire engaged in a corrupted state,

Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success:

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy paternal seat, the *Sabine* field,

Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blest

In humble virtues, and a rural life.

There liv'd retir'd, pray for the peace of *Rome*;

Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,

The post of hour is a private station.

P O R T I U S.

I hope, my father does not recommend

A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

C A T O.

C A T O.

Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
 (Their sails already opening to the winds)
 That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
 The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
 (Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
 Tho' still, by faction, vice, and fortune, cross'd,
 Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so — *Plato*, thou reason'st well! —
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heav'n itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me?
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.

But

But when! or where!—This world was made for *Cæsar*,
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That may awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.



SCENE

SCENE II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S,

C A T O.

But ha! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
 Were not my orders that I would be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

P O R T I U S.

Alas, my father!
 What means this sword? this instrument of death?
 Let me convey it hence!

C A T O.

Rash youth, forbear!

P O R T I U S.

O let the prayers, th' intreaties of your friends,
 Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

C A T O.

Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou give me up
 A slave, a captive, into *Cæsar's* hands?
 Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
 Or know, young man! —

P O R T I U S.

Look not thus sternly on me:
 You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

C A T O.

'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.

Now,

Now, *Cæsar*, let thy troops beset our gates,
 And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
 O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
 And mock thy hopes——

P O R T I U S.

O Sir, forgive your son,
 Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
 How am I sure it is not the last time
 I e'er shall call you so? be not displeas'd,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
 To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

C A T O.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
 Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
 The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
 Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his children.

P O R T I U S.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart:

C A T O.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
 Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
 But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
 Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
 And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
 My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks

The

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

P O R T I U S.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S and M A R C I A.

P O R T I U S.

O *Marcia*, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

M A R C I A.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

MARCIA.

Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though stern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd

In

In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament——

M A R C I A.

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

L U C I A.

Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows *Cato's* thoughts;
Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

M A R C I A.

Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter L U C I U S.

L U C I U S.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, *Cæsar*, thou canst not hurt me.

M A R C I A.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

L U C I U S.

Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?

Dry.

Dry up thy tears, my child, we are all safe
While *Cato* lives——his presence will protect us.

Enter J U B A.

J U B A.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now incamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower.
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

L U C I U S.

Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Caesar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter P O R T I U S.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

P O R T I U S.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From *Pompey's* son, who through the realms of *Spain*,
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.

Were

Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
 Assert her rights, and claim her liberty:
 But hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
 And let me fly into my father's presence.

L U C I U S.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
 And in the wild disorder of his soul,
 Mourns o'er his country——hah! a second groan!——
 Heaven guard us all——

M A R C I A.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
 Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
 'Tis death is in that sound——

Enter P O R T I U S.

P O R T I U S.

O fight of woe!
 O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword——

L U C I U S.

O *Portius*,
 Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
 And let us guess the rest.

P O R T I U S.

I've rais'd him up,
 And plac'd him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
 He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
 Demands

Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.*]

M A R C I A.

O heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

J U B A.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæsar*!

L U C I U S.

Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*]

C A T O.

Here set me down——

Portius come near me — are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O *Lucius*, art thou here?— thou art too good!——

Let this our friendship live between our children;

Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.

Alas, poor man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my daughter——

—O bend me forward!—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a King,

But *Cæsar*'s arms have thrown down all distinction!

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a *Roman*.——

—I'm sick to death—— O when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!

——And

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
 On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
 The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
 The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Exit.*]

L U C I U S.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
 A Roman breast; O *Cato*! O my friend!
 Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
 But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæsar*,
 And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
 A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.
 From hence, let fierce contending nations know
 What dire effects from civil discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
 And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
 Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
 And robs the guilty world of *Cato's* life.



EPILOGUE

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
 Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?
 But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
 Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
 Be spiteful!—and believe the thing we say;
 We hate you when you're easily said nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
 Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
 He sighs with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every *Lucia* find a *Cato's* son.

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To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
PRINCESS of WALES,

With the Tragedy of CATO, Nov. 1714.

THE muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for *Britannia's* laws,
Engag'd great *Cato* in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heav'nly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,

With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
 O *England's* younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire?
 For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
 To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
 And gratitude, and faith to Kings inspire,
 And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
 And sooth the madding factions into peace;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
 And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
 Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
 And *Caesar's* power with *Cato's* virtue join'd.

Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful ease
 And native majesty art form'd to please,
 Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly!

Then

Then shall they triumph, and the *British* stage
 Improve her manners, and refine her age,
 More noble characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
 Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse :
 The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
 Through distant times the lovely dame conveys,
 To *Gloriana Waller's* harp was strung ;
 The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
 Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
 The common fate of mortal charms may find ;
 (Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age,) .
 Unless some Poet in a lasting song,
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.



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THE
- D R U M M E R ;
OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE.
A
C O M E D Y.

— *Falsis terrioribus implet.*

Ut magus —

Hör.

THE
JOURNAL OF
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18

THE

P R E F A C E.

HAVING recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similies and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many

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years in the *British* theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scences were drawn after *Moliere's* manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has
risen

rifen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good actions as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee. Which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praise of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.



P R O

P R O L O G U E.

IN this grave age, when comedies are few,
 We crave your patronage for one that's new ;
 Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,
 And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
 Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
 Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts ;
 If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,
Round-heads and *Wooden-shoes* are standing jokes ;
 The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
 You're grown such politicians in your mirth !
 For once we try (though 'tis I own unsafe,)
 To please you all, and make both parties laugh.

Our author, anxious for his fame to-night,
 And bashful in his first attempt to write,
 Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
 Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.
 Censure, when no man knows who writes the play,
 Were much good malice merely thrown away.
 The mighty critics will not blast, for shame,
 A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name :
 Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
 And fear to blame, lest they shou'd hurt a friend :

Each

Each wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing shou'd take.
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it——He'll remain incog.
If you shou'd hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a *Culprit*, join the hue-and-cry.

If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Tho' with a ghost our comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of flesh and blood——as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this house is too much haunted.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir George Truman,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Tinsel,</i>	<i>Mr. Gibber.</i>
<i>Fantome the Drummer,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Vellum, Sir George Truman's Steward,</i>	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>Butler,</i>	<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>
<i>Coachman,</i>	<i>Mr. Miller.</i>
<i>Gardener,</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Truman,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Abigal,</i>	<i>Mrs. Saunders.</i>



T H E





B. Hayman del.

Vol. II. facing pa. 183.

J. Lodge sculp.

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THE
DRUMMER:
OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A GREAT HALL.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardeners.

BUTLER.

THERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this strange noise, we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the *George*—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the Drum.

COACH-

COACHMAN.

I'll give Madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

GARDENER.

I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. *Abigail* did not spoil her—come, here's her health.

BUTLER.

It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a house, that is disturb'd. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

COACHMAN.

Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you—He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go long with me.

GARDENER.

I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts—I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

BUTLER.

Why look ye, *Peter*, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole:—he'll whisk you through a key-hole, without so much as jostling against one of the wards.

COACHMAN.

Poor Madam is mainly frightened, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

BUTLER.

Out of all manner of question, *Robin*, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. *Abigail* is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always lov'd the wars, and you know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the music of a drum.

G.A.R.

GARDENER.

I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

BUTLER.

Found! why, you fool, is not his body here about the house? dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

COACHMAN.

'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-cloze.

GARDENER.

Ay! how did he appear?

COACHMAN.

Like a white horse.

BUTLER.

Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the found of a drum.

COACHMAN.

This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without any lanthorn, I fell acrofs a beam, that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

BUTLER.

Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why, a spirit is such a little little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance a *Lancashire* horn-pipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

COACHMAN.

Ay, poor cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

GARDENER.

Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

BUT.

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BUTLER.

My Lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

GARDENER.

I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

COACHMAN.

Why may not the parson of our parish lay him?

BUTLER.

No, no, no, our parson cannot lay him.

COACHMAN.

Why not he as well as another man?

BUTLER.

Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

GARDENER.

Why, d'ye think *John*, that the spirit would take the law of him?—faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACHMAN.

How's that?

GARDENER.

I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]—I fancy Mrs. *Abigail* might scold him out of the house.

COACHMAN.

Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

BUTLER.

Pugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the matter—the next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done,—I would have the steward speak *Latin* to it.

COACHMAN.

Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

GARDENER.

There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much.

much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own ! but alack what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read.

BUTLER.

Thou art always cracking and boasting, *Peter*; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

GARDENER.

A fiddlestick ! tell not me — I fear nothing ; not I ! I never did harm in my life ; I never committed murder.

BUTLER.

I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, *Peter* ; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

GARDENER.

Why that's well said, *John*, an honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear — Here's to ye — why how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha ! what noise is that ?

BUTLER and COACHMAN.

Ha ! where ?

GARDENER.

The devil ! the devil ! Oh no, 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

BUTLER.

Ay faith ! 'tis she ; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail* ! a good mistake ! 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Here are your drunken sots for you ! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house ! why don't you lay your cloth ? How come you out of the stables ? Why are not you at work in your garden ?

GAR-

GARDENER.

Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together, and methought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

BUTLER,

And so forth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same Drummer out of our heads.

GARDENER.

For you must know, Mrs. *Abigail*, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

COACHMAN.

I am resolved to give Madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master d'ye-see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no farther occasion for a coach, now he walks.

BUTLER.

Truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all; to fright Madam and his old servants at this rate.

GARDENER.

And truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living, (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

ABIGAIL.

Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it; you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

GARDENER.

Frighten'd! I scorn your word. Frighten'd quoth-a!

ABIGAIL.

What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GAR-

GARDENER.

Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUTLER.

Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be so presumptuous.

ABIGAL.

Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish.

[*Aside.*]

GARDENER.

I scorn to be frightned, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* should come into the room, I would take him——

BUTLER.

Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

GARDENER.

I would take him——[*The drum beats, the Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.*]

BUTLER and COACHMAN.

Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigal*.

GARDENER.

Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACHMAN.

Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [They all run off.]

ABIGAL *sola.*

ABIGAL.

So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surpris'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*! [He beats.] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately——don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back Scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.*]

FAN-

FANTOME.

Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee——if my drum did not stand in my way.

ABIGAL.

Well, O' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

FANTOME.

There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigal: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIGAL.

Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know——besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANTOME.

Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIGAL.

'Tis just such a one as my Master receiv'd from a cursed French trooper, as my Lady's letter inform'd her.

FANTOME.

It happens luckily that this suit of cloaths of Sir George's fits me so well,—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

ABIGAL.

You are the very man——I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

FANTOME.

But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

ABIGAL.

Pray what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no woman could withstand him——But when you were seen by my Lady in your proper

proper person after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature *Tinsel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANTOME.

Why really I love thy Lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as *Tinsel*.

ABIGAL.

Well, tell me truly, Mr. *Fantome*, have you not a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

FANTOME.

Thou art always reminding me of my promise — thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; dost not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIGAL.

Why, truly now Mr. *Fantome*, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing less.

FANTOME.

Dear *Abigal*, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIGAL.

No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief sake.

FANTOME.

But is thy Lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her deceased husband?

ABIGAL.

I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FANTOME.

Pr'ythee make use of all thy art, for I am tir'd to death with strolling round this wide old house like a rat behind a wainscot.

ABIGAL.

' Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

FANTOME.

Ah Mrs. *Abigal*! you have had your intrigues——

ABIGAL.

For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and seek*.

FANTOME.

I believe, by this time, I as am well acquainted with the house as yourself.

ABIGAL.

You are very much mistaken, Mr. *Fantome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my Lady's cast cloaths. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things I have had in it—pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIGAL.

Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

F A N-

FANTOME.

I'm a thinking how *Tinsel* will stare when he sees me come out of the wall: for I'm resolved to make my appearance to night.

ABIGAL.

Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the door.

FANTOME.

Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

ABIGAL.

I'm undone! I'm undone—[*As he is going in.*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANTOME.

Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it.

[*Fantome goes in.*]

ABIGAL.

No more words—vanish, vanish.

Enter LADY.

ABIGAL, [*opening the door.*]

Oh, dear Madam, was it you that you made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frightened me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

LADY.

I have been showing the garden to Mr. *Tinsel*; he's most insufferably witty upon us about the story of the drum.

ABIGAL.

Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

LADY.

Well! an *Infidel* is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

ABIGAL.

Ah, Madam! the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his addressee to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be——

LADY.

This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. *Fantome* was always thy favourite.

ABIGAL.

Ay, and should have been your's too, by my consent! Mr. *Fantome* was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is.——Mr. *Fantome* was the best-built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. *Fantome* was a man of honour, and loved you! poor soul! how he sighed when he has talked to me of my hard-hearted Lady.——Well! I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. *Fantome*!

LADY.

To tell thee truly, I loved him well enough 'till I found he loved me so much. But Mr. *Tinsel* makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness——Not that I say I'll marry him.

ABIGAL.

Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awakened sooner than married couples generally are——You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY.

I'll hide my contempt of *Tinsel* for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*]

ABIGAL.

Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, what dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shanked fellow?

LADY.

L A D Y.

Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always loved him while he was living, and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, *Abigal*, a discreet woman might reform him.

A B I G A L.

That's a likely matter indeed! did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

L A D Y.

He is indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

A B I G A L.

Familiar! Madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

L A D Y.

But that you know, *Abigal*, shows he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects

A B I G A L.

Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

L A D Y.

But that you know, *Abigal*, may be only to shew his wit——Then it must be owned, he's extremely talkative.

A B I G A L.

Talkative d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

L A D Y.

But that you know, *Abigal*, is a sign he has been used to good company—Then indeed he is very positive.

A B I G A L.

Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

K 2

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

But then you know, *Abigal*, he has been educated at the inns of court.

A B I G A L.

A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

L A D Y.

You talk as if you hated him.

A B I G A L.

You talk as if you loved him.

L A D Y.

Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter T I N S E L.

T I N S E L.

My dear widow!

A B I G A L.

My dear widow, marry come up!

[*Aside.*]

L A D Y.

Let him alone, *Abigal*, so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

T I N S E L.

I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you — your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

L A D Y.

Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

A B I G A L.

Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my Lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

There's manners for you, Madam.

[Aside.]

LADY.

Admirably rallied! that laugh is unanswerable! now I'll be hanged if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

TINSEL.

Fancy!

LADY.

But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

TINSEL.

Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?—had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

LADY.

And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question; do you think we can hear in the country, as well as as you do in town?

TINSEL.

Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

ABIGAL.

Don't tell my Lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myself.

TINSEL.

Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

ABIGAL.

Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINSEL.

Whims! frecks! megrims! indeed, Mrs *Abigail*.

ABIGAIL.

Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

LADY.

Why truly I don't very well understand what you mean by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

ABIGAIL.

A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

LADY.

But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINSEL.

Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY.

You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

LADY.

Pray Mr. *Tinsel*, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINSEL.

Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY.

Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

TIN.

T I N S E L.

Simplicity!

A B I G A L.

I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye Sir?

T I N S E L.

Foolish enough!

L A D Y.

I vow, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

T I N S E L.

Oh, my dear, that's an old fashioned word — I'm a free thinker, child.

A B I G A L.

I am sure you are a free-speaker.

L A D Y.

Really, Mr. *Tinsel*, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amazed where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoiled your breeding.

T I N S E L.

To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a Coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled——

A B I G A L.

Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the *London* prodigal.

L A D Y.

Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying — she need not be afraid to lie by herself.

T I N S E L.

Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to

frighten away spirits? dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

LADY.

Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—you learned men are so apt to despise one!

TINSEL.

No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

LADY.

Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY.

I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

TINSEL.

Well enough faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else!

ABIGAL.

Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this rate?

[*Aside.*]

TINSEL.

But where's this ghost! the son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

ABIGAL.

Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

TINSEL.

That's well enough faith, *Nab*; dost thou think thy master is so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfilled them to a tittle—did not you marry Sir *George* to the tune of *until death us do part*?

LADY.

L A D Y.

I must not hear Sir *George's* memory treated in so slight a manner—this fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finished coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

T I N S E L.

Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country Lady come to *London* with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, played at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventured home in a chair at all hours of the night.

A B I G A L.

Hum—sauce-box.

[*Aside.*]

T I N S E L.

'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at *London*, except in the play-house—Oh, we'd pass all our time in *London*. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

L A D Y.

Well then, you have an opportunity of shewing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

T I N S E L.

Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! but child, won't your jointure be the same thing in *London* as in the country?

L A D Y.

No, you're deceived! you must know it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

T I N S E L.

How!

K 5

A B I.

A B I G A L.

That's well put, Madam.

T I N S E L.

Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

L A D Y.

Ay, but then this cruel drum!

T I N S E L.

Something so venerable in it!

L A D Y.

Ay, but the drum!

T I N S E L.

For my part, I like this *Gothic* way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

L A D Y.

Ay, but the drum!

T I N S E L.

How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

L A D Y.

Ay, but the drum! the drum!

T I N S E L.

My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

*Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And as my joys tho' thunder shook the room.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Vellum in his Office, and a Letter in his hand.

V E L L U M.

THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes — or rather my spectacles — ‘ To *Humbrey Vellum, Esq;* steward to the Lady *Truman*.

V E L L U M,

‘ I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the *Netherlands*, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the *George-Inn*; if an old man with a gray beard in a black cloak, enquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is really

Your faithful friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. ‘ Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.’

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold—First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

K 6

Secondly,

Secondly, because the news of his death was first published in *Dyer's Letter*.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly,—

Enter BUTLER.

BUTLER.

Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a jesuit.

VELLUM.

Admit him immediately.

BUTLER.

I wish he ben't a jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

VELLUM.

He says right—he is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in, and withdraw. *[Exit Butler.]*

And fourthly, as I was saying, because—

Enter BUTLER with Sir GEORGE.

BUTLER.

Sir, here is the conjurer—what a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. *[Aside, Exit.]*

Sir GEORGE.

Dear Vellum, you have received my letter; but before we proceed lock the door.

VELLUM.

It is his voice.

[Shuts the door.]

Sir GEORGE.

In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

VELLUM.

VELLUM.

It is his shape.

Sir GEORGE.

So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VELLUM.

[After having look'd on Sir George thro' his Spectacles.]

It is his face, every lineament!

Sir GEORGE.

Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

VELLUM.

Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

Sir GEORGE.

We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

VELLUM.

I am—and moreover, I question not but your good Lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her honour is a discerning Lady.

Sir GEORGE.

I'm only afraid she should be convinc'd of it to her sorrow. Is she not pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

VELLUM.

Sorely.

Sir GEORGE.

How long did her grief last?

VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Longer than I have known any widows—— at least three days.

Sir GEORGE.

Three days, say'st thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!——O woman! woman!

VELLUM.

Grief is twofold.

Sir GEORGE.

This blockhead is as methodical as ever—— but I know he's honest. [Aside.]

VELLUM.

There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drown'd in tears 'till such time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds——indeed they became her.

Sir GEORGE.

Became her! and was that her comfort? truly a most seasonable consolation!

VELLUM.

But I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

Sir GEORGE.

That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a deal of good-breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VELLUM.

Her jointure is considerable.

Sir GEORGE.

How this fool torments me! [Aside.]

VELLUM.

Her person is amiable——

Sir GEORGE.

Death!

VELLUM.

But her character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a *Penelope*——

Sir

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Sir G E O R G E.

And has had as many suitors.

V E L L U M.

Several have made their overtures.

Sir G E O R G E.

Several!

V E L L U M.

But she has rejected all.

Sir G E O R G E.

There thou reviv'st me—but what means this *Tinsel*?
Are his visits acceptable?

V E L L U M.

He is young.

Sir G E O R G E.

Does she listen to him?

V E L L U M.

He is gay.

Sir G E O R G E.

Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying
such a coxcomb!

V E L L U M.

He is not ill made.

Sir G E O R G E.

Are the vows and protestations that pass between us
come to this! I can't bear the thought of it!—is *Tinsel*
the man design'd for my worthy successor?

V E L L U M.

You do not consider that you have been dead these
fourteen months——

Sir G E O R G E.

Was there ever such a dog?

[*Aside.*

V E L L U M.

And I have often heard her say, that she must never
expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning
your Honour.

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the *Drummer* before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a Conjuror, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the house.

VELLUM.

I am going to lay my accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Honour to admit the trial of your art.

Sir GEORGE.

I have scarce heard any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue—Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your Honour who troubles the house.

Sir GEORGE.

That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

VELLUM.

I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha.

Sir GEORGE.

Abigal had always an ascendent over her Lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of *Abigal's* familiars.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir GEORGE.

I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

VEL-

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigail* hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your Ho--nour's service.

Sir GEORGE.

If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short; wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigail* was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

Sir GEORGE.

In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

VELLUM.

You act indeed a threefold part in this house; you are a Ghost, a Conjuror, and my ho--noured Master Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir GEORGE.

O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest; so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your commission is twofold, first to gain admission for me to your Lady, and secondly to get the secret out of *Abigail*.

VELLUM.

It sufficeth.

[*The Scene shuts.*

Enter

Enter L A D Y *sola.*

L A D Y.

Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profess admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr *Tinsel* is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblameable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigail*. I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter A B I G A L.

A B I G A L.

Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinsel* has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir *George's* apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Well ! he's a wild fellow.

A B I G A L.

Indeed he's a very sad man, Madam.

L A D Y.

He's young, *Abigal* ; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost ; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

A B I G A L.

Reform him ! marry, hang him !

L A D Y.

Has not he a great deal of life ?

A B I G A L.

Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

L A D Y.

I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

A B I G A L.

He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

L A D Y.

He's very good-natur'd !

A B I G A L.

He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

L A D Y.

Dost thou think he loves me ?

A B I G A L.

Mr. *Fantome* did, I am sure.

L A D Y.

With what raptures he talk'd !

A B I G A L.

Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

L A D Y.

He has kept bad company.

A B I G A L.

They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

A B I G A L.

It would be a fine experiment, if it should not succeed.

L A D Y.

Well, *Abigail*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occasion for you at present. [Exit Abigail.]

Enter V E L L U M.

V E L L U M.

Madam, is your Ho--nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high—house-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

L A D Y.

How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, *Vellum*.

V E L L U M.

[*putting on and off his spectacles in this Scene*] A hoghead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghost's drinking—But your Ho--nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

L A D Y.

At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

V E L L U M.

Item, Two sheep, and a—Where is the ox?—Oh, here I have him—and an ox—your Ho--nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all

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all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, Bread, ten peck-loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread—*Item*, Three barrels of table-beer—They must drink with their meat.

L A D Y.

Sure no woman in *England* has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside.*]

V E L L U M.

Item, To Mr. *Tinsel's* servants five bottles of port wine—it was by your Ho--nour's order—*Item*, Three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. *Abigail*.

L A D Y.

I suppose that was by your own order.

V E L L U M.

We have been long friends, we are your Ho--nour's ancient servants; sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their bus'ness; he, he, he, pardon me for being jocular.

L A D Y.

Well, I see you'll come together at last.

V E L L U M.

Item, A dozen pound of watch-lights for the use of the servants.

L A D Y.

For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits end. *Vellum*, What would you advise me to do?

V E L L U M.

Madam, your Ho--nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expences, which so many strangers bring upon you—*Secondly*, To clear the house of this invisible Drummer.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was.
But how must we bring these two points to bear?

V E L L U M.

I beseech your Ho--nour to give me the hearing.

L A D Y.

I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

V E L L U M.

I will be concise. There is a certain person arriv'd this morning, an aged man of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a —

L A D Y.

No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

V E L L U M.

Give me the hearing, good my Lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

L A D Y.

Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people, this can do us no good.

V E L L U M.

It can do us no harm, my Lady.

L A D Y.

I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

V E L L U M.

I cannot say, I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the *Drum*; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living;

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so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY.

I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

VELLUM.

I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, 'till he has done his work;—no cure, no money.

LADY.

That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, *Vellum*, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VELLUM.

I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, and GARDENER.

BUTLER.

Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARDENER.

What's the matter? hast thou got any more vails for us?

BUTLER.

No, 'tis better than that.

COACHMAN.

Is there another stranger come to the house?

BUTLER.

Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

GARDENER.

What! is he a Lord?

BUTLER.

A Lord! no, nothing like it.—He's a Conjuror.

COACH-

COACHMAN.

A Conjuror! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

BUTLER.

No, no, you fool, he's come on purpose to lay the spirit.

COACHMAN.

Ay marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

BUTLER.

He's lock'd up with the Steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

GARDENER.

Pr'ythee, *John*, what sort of a creature is a Conjuror?

BUTLER.

Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long gray beard.

COACHMAN.

Look ye, *Peter*, it stands with reason, that a Conjuror should have a long gray beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

GARDENER.

Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet spew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Dost think we could not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? he'll certainly bring it up again.

BUTLER.

Peter, thou art such a wiseacre! thou dost not know the difference between a Conjuror and a Jugler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark cloke, as black as a coal. Your Conjuror always goes in mourning.

GAR-

GARDENER.

Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

BUTLER.

No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a conjurer is as grave as a judge—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACHMAN.

You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

GARDENER.

I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drumstick out of his hand.

BUTLER.

No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

COACHMAN.

But what will he do with him when he has him there?

BUTLER.

Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

GARDENER.

If he once compass him, and get him in lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

COACHMAN.

Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUTLER.

No, no, I would advise Madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the red-sea—and then he's laid for ever.

COACHMAN.

Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

GARDENER.

Why *John*, there must be a power of spirits in that same red-sea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

COACHMAN.

Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

GARDENER.

I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

BUTLER.

As for that, *Peter*, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages—but hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigail*, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARDENER.

Ay lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigail* well laid too—we should lead merry lives.*For to a man like me that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Sir George in Vellum's Office.

I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so used to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well, *Vellum*, I am impatient to hear your success.

VELLUM.

First, let me lock the door.

Sir GEORGE.

Will your Lady admit me?

VELLUM.

If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir GEORGE.

Pr'ythee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VELLUM.

Delays in business are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir GEORGE.

What says your Lady?

L 2

VEL-

VELLUM.

This pen is naught, and wants mending——My Lady, did you say?

Sir GEORGE.

Does she admit me?

VELLUM.

I have gained admission for you as a conjurer.

Sir GEORGE.

That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there is any thing in my art?

VELLUM.

It is hard to know what a woman believes.

Sir GEORGE.

Did she ask no questions about me?

VELLUM.

Sundry——she desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

Sir GEORGE.

But when?

VELLUM.

Immediately. This instant.

Sir GEORGE.

Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? give me my cloke—have you yet met with *Abigail*?

VELLUM.

I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

Sir GEORGE.

Let thee alone for that, *Vellam*, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloke, after the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VELLUM.

He, he, he! would you make a conjurer of your steward?

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

Pr'ythee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

V E L L U M.

And what will your ho--nour do with your cast beard?

Sir GEORGE.

Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou would'st wear it with the cloke, thou would'st make a most compleat heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

V E L L U M.

A fine taper stick! it is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing to be lost.

Sir GEORGE.

Come, *Vellum*, lead the way. You must introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ABIGAIL crossing the stage, TINSEL following.

TINSEL.

Naby, Naby, whither so fast, child!

ABIGAIL.

Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my Lady.

TINSEL.

What? goodman *Twofold*? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

ABIGAIL.

What does the man mean? don't think to palm me as you do my Lady.

L 3

KEL-

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, *Nab*, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

ABIGAL.

Marry, because I'm a friend to my Lady.

TINSEL.

Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come hither, hussy, give me a kiss: don't be ill-natured.

ABIGAL.

Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*] —this rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care.

[*Afide.*]

TINSEL.

Thy lips are as soft as velvet, *Abigal*, I must get thee a husband.

ABIGAL.

Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

TINSEL.

I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

ABIGAL.

Laud, how you talk!

TINSEL.

This is a thundering dog.

ABIGAL.

What is he?

TINSEL.

A private gentleman.

ABIGAL.

Ay! where does he live?

TINSEL.

In the horse-guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that he's a man for thy purpose.

ABIGAL.

Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what may that be?

TIN-

T I N S E L.

He's but five and twenty years old.

A B I G A L.

'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

T I N S E L.

No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a dye, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

A B I G A L.

Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate—Pray what has he?

T I N S E L.

Not a farthing.

A B I G A L.

Paxon him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*]

T I N S E L.

But as for that I would make it up to him.

A B I G A L.

How?

T I N S E L.

Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy Lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

A B I G A L.

This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—[*Aside.*—Hark! my Lady's a coming!

T I N S E L.

Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

A B I G A L.

Ay, and so will I too—to your cost.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Abigail.*]

T I N S E L.

My dear is purely fitted up with a maid—but I shall rid the house of her.

L 4

Enter

Enter L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town—— There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*]

T I N S E L.

She loves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]—— Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyself.

L A D Y.

You must know here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

T I N S E L.

Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

L A D Y.

He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

T I N S E L.

Oh! I warrant you he has studied the Black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an *Oxford* scholar? —— Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in christendom—— I think thy four chief domestics are — a withered *Abigail* — a superannuated steward — a ghost — and a conjurer.

L A D Y. [*imitating Tinsel.*]

And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

T I N S E L.

It's a fore sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—— Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

Enter

Enter VELLUM, and Sir GEORGE in
his conjurer's habit.

VELLUM.

I will introduce this profound person to your Ladyship,
and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her honour.

Sir GEORGE.

I know it well.

[Exit Vellum.

[Aside, walking in a musing posture.] That dear woman! the sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY.

Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him, you are used to the company of men of learning.

TINSEL.

Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the Zodiac?

Sir GEORGE.

News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. *Mars* is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities.—

TINSEL.

Mars? pr'ythee, father gray-beard, explain thyself.

Sir GEORGE.

The entrance of *Mars* into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

TINSEL.

D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon—Hark thee, old Gadbury, is not *Mars* very like a young fellow called Tom Tinsel?

L 5

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

Not so much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

T I N S E L.

A word in your ear, Doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G E O R G E. [*Aside, walking disturbed.*]

Curse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

L A D Y.

And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

Sir G E O R G E.

My aspect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

T I N S E L.

I should guess thee within three years of *Metuselah*. Pr'ythee tell me, wast not thou born before the flood?

L A D Y.

Truly I should guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

Sir G E O R G E.

Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last *August*. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

L A D Y.

What an escape you have had, Mr. *Tinsel*, that you were not bred a scholar!

T I N S E L.

And so I fancy, doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. *[Aside to Tinsel.]*

L A D Y.

Pray Mr. *Tinsel*, what is it the Doctor whispers?

T I N S E L.

Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

L A D Y.

Pray, Doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir G E O R G E.

If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or——than you do, fair Lady.

T I N S E L.

Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

L A D Y.

For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, Doctor.

Sir G E O R G E.

He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

T I N S E L.

Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in *Moor-Fields*?

Sir G E O R G E.

Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady *Truman*'s mansion-house.

T I N S E L.

Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert faucy?

L A D Y.

Nay, Mr. *Tinsel*, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir G E O R G E.

Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of——

L. 6.

T I N S E L.

TINSEL.

Come, come, speak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*]

Sir GEORGE.

He will soon die of a fright — or of the — let me see your nose ~~away~~ 'tis so!

TINSEL.

You son of a whore! I'll run you through the body. I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer —

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinsel*! you will not kill an old man?

TINSEL.

An old man! the dog says he's but five and thirty.

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinsel*, I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I would but have drill'd a little eyelet hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

Sir GEORGE.

Courage is but ill shown before a Lady. But know if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

LADY.

Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock — for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

TINSEL.

And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business

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business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

Sir GEORGE.

I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies — and Lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves.

[Exit Sir George.]

TINSEL.

The sauciest dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

LADY.

Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

TINSEL.

No fool! ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

LADY.

Truly I don't know what to take him for: I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you order'd.

LADY.

Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure.

[Exit Lady and Tinsel.]

ABIGAL sola.

Sure never any Lady had such servants as mine has! well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd

flatter'd, that's pos! my Lady's cast suits will serve her, after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum*!—how prettily that will sound! Here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s chaise—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—it will break the Attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of every body in the parish but my Lady. If I have a son, he shall be call'd *Fantome*. But see, Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM with a pint of sack.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

ABIGAL.

Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your visits are always seasonable.

VELLUM.

I have brought with me a taste of fresh canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIGAL.

Pray set it down—I have a dram-glass just by—

[Brings in a rummer.

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good health.

VELLUM.

And your own with it—sweet Mrs. *Abigal*.

ABIGAL.

Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. *Abigal*. Ha, ha, ha!

ABI.

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ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are such a dry jesting-man!

VELLUM.

Why truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIGAL.

Your debtor, for what, Mr. *Kellum*?

VELLUM.

For my heart, Mrs. *Abigal*—and our accounts will not be balanced between us, till I have your's in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! you are the most gallant dun, Mr. *Vellum*.

VELLUM.

But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my debt?

ABIGAL.

Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one blush—my humble service to you.

VELLUM.

I must answer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the country phrase—*Xaur lovie is sufficient*. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

VELLUM.

Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, since I first broke my mind to you—It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*,—we have convers'd together these fifteen years—and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he—Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIGAL.

Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

VEL-

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigail*, I have a trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a present of. It is indeed but a little toy.

ABIGAL.

You are always exceedingly obliging.

VELLUM.

It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

ABIGAL.

Pray do not keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. *Vellum*?

VELLUM.

A silver thimble.

ABIGAL.

I always said, Mr. *Vellum* was a generous lover.

VELLUM.

But I must put it on myself, Mrs. *Abigail*—you have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

ABIGAL.

Oh fy! you make me ashamed, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion—

[*A feign'd struggle.*]

VELLUM.

This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle—but why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIGAL.

Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

VELLUM.

This middle finger, Mrs. *Abigail*, has a pretty neighbour—a wedding-ring would become it mightily.—He, he, he!

ABIGAL.

You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

VEL.

VELLUM.

I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are — indeed a two-fold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good housewife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

VELLUM.

Indeed I am serious.

ABIGAL.

I thought you had quite forsaken me — I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

VELLUM.

I should as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIGAL.

I have always taken your part before my Lady.

VELLUM.

You have so, and I have *hem'd* it in my memory.

ABIGAL.

For I have always look'd upon your interests as my own.

VELLUM.

It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

ABIGAL.

I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*] — Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

VELLUM.

How? speak that again!

ABIGAL.

Why then in plain *English* I love you.

VELLUM.

I'm overjoy'd!

ABI-

ABIGAL.

I must own my passion for you.

VELLUM.

I'm transported.

[Catches her in his arms.]

ABIGAL.

Dear charming man!

VELLUM.

Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your Lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it—Pr'ythee my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

ABIGAL.

Marry him! my Love, no, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honey-moon was at end.

VELLUM.

Pr'ythee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIGAL.

This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

VELLUM.

Ay, say'st thou so, my Turtle?

ABIGAL.

Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean, almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VELLUM.

Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

ABIGAL.

Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my Lady and he are—
a.com-

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a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VELLUM.

Give me your hand, chicken.

ABIGAL.

Here, take it, you have my heart already.

VELLUM.

We shall have much issue.

[*Exeunt*;



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM and BUTLER.

VELLUM.

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you — and therefore be attentive.

BUTLER.

Attentive! ay, let me alone for that. — I suppose he means being sober. *[Aside.]*

VELLUM.

You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses, laid in a method.

BUTLER.

Ah, Mr. Vellum, you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VELLUM.

Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

BUTLER.

How he talks! I could hear him all day.

VELLUM.

And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

BUT-

BUTLER.

Master *Vellum*, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the Conjuror?

VELLUM.

It is, *John*, for the Conjuror, and yet it is not for the Conjuror.

BUTLER.

Why, look you, Master *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjuror, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VELLUM.

This Conjuror, *John*, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature—but he eats and drinks like other men.

BUTLER.

Marry, Master *Vellum*, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VELLUM.

Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

BUTLER.

Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VELLUM.

He is married, and he is not married—he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old and he is young.

BUTLER.

How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master *Vellum*, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young? how do you make that out, Master *Vellum*?

VELLUM.

Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUTLER.

Nay, 'tis no wonder a Conjuror should be like a serpent.

VELLUM.

When he has thrown aside the old Conjuror's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

BUTLER.

Does he intend to sup in his slough?

VELLUM.

That time will show.

BUTLER.

Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

VELLUM.

I did not intend thou shouldst—but to our business—let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

BUTLER.

Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VELLUM.

I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—bid *Susan* lay two pillows upon your Lady's bed.

BUTLER.

Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! she is not a double woman too.

VELLUM.

She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigail*, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

BUTLER.

Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I am sure, speaks plain *English*, one may easily understand every word she says.

[Exit Butler.]

V E L-

VELLUM *solus.*

VELLUM.

Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them—but see Mrs. *Abigail*! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL.

Ha! Mr. *Vellum*.

VELLUM.

What brings my sweet one hither?

ABIGAIL.

I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this Conjuror, that he may not be surpris'd.

VELLUM.

That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

ABIGAIL.

I'll speak low——walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*]

VELLUM.

But hark you, Ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

ABIGAIL.

That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

VELLUM.

No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

ABI-

ABIGAIL.

You will always be waggish.

VELLUM.

Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

ABIGAIL.

How can you leave me so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

VELLUM.

Adieu, my pretty one.

ABIGAIL.

Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM.

My pretty one. —

[As he is going off.]

ABIGAIL.

Dear Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM.

My pretty one!

[Exit Vellum.]

ABIGAIL *sola*.

I have him — if I can but get this thousand pound.

[Fantome gives three raps with his Drum behind the wainscot.]

ABIGAIL.

Ha! three raps upon the Drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me.

[Fantome raps again.]

ABIGAIL.

Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens and FANTOME comes out.

ABIGAIL.

You may leave your Drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

FAN-

FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I want to hear what is a doing in the world.

ABIGAL.

You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANTOME.

I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about *Tinsel*. When a Lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

ABIGAL.

To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my Lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANTOME.

I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

ABIGAL.

Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments—Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

FANTOME.

My dear Girl! I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIGAL.

Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my Lady?

FANTOME.

Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

ABIGAL.

Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not so great a

difference between woman and woman as you imagine. You see *Tinsel* has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

FANTOME.

Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love — And let me tell thee, *Abigal*, a man who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it — but I'll mend my manners.

ABIGAL.

Ay, or you'll never gain a widow — come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my Lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

FANTOME.

I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

ABIGAL.

Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANTOME.

Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab* — I mean my Lady *Truman*.

ABIGAL.

Ay! but you han't saluted me.

FANTOME.

That's right: Faith, I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*!

ABIGAL.

That's very well —

FANTOME.

How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! my life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you. —

ABIGAL.

Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

FANTOME.

What, thus?

ABIGAL.

Thus? Ay—now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

FANTOME.

Transport and ecstasy! where am I! my life! my bliss! — I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

ABIGAL.

Go on, go on.

FANTOME.

Flames and darts—bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes—flowers, Zephyrs, and purling streams.

ABIGAL.

Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! you were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANTOME.

This will do then, *Abigal*?

ABIGAL.

Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my Lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANTOME.

I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson, in practice.

ABIGAL.

You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at eight, and at nine the Conjuror is to take you in hand.

FANTOME.

Let me alone with both of them.

M 2

ABI-

ABIGAL.

Well! forewarn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box,
and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour.

[Fantome goes in, exit Abigal.]

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigal is withdrawn. — I was in hopes to have
heard what pass'd between her and her invisible cor-
respondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL.

Vellum! Vellum!

VELLUM.

Vellum! We are methinks very familiar; I am not
us'd to be call'd so by any but their Ho--nours. [*Aside.*]

— What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

TINSEL.

Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VELLUM.

What is that, good Sir?

TINSEL.

Pr'y thee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy Lady's
estate.

VELLUM.

The rent-roll?

TINSEL.

The rent roll? ay, the rent-roll! dost not understand
what that means?

VELLUM.

Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

TINSEL.

Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VEL-

V E L L U M.

The purchase will be considerable.

T I N S E L.

And for that reason I have bid thy Lady very high — she is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

V E L L U M.

Is your whole estate personal, Mr. *Tinsel*? — he, he, he!

T I N S E L.

Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

V E L L U M.

An insolent companion! [Aside.]

T I N S E L.

Thou'rt confounded rich I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

V E L L U M.

An ungracious bird! [Aside.]

T I N S E L.

Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

V E L L U M.

A very profligate! [Aside.]

T I N S E L.

Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you — I'll borrow some money of you.

V E L L U M.

I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [Aside.] — And so, Mr. *Tinsel*, you promise you will be a very kind master to me?

[Stifling a laugh.]

T I N S E L.

What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

VELLUM.

What do you think of five hundred pounds? — ha, ha, ha!

TINSEL.

That's too little.

VELLUM.

And yet it is more than I shall give — and I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee what are they?

VELLUM.

First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and secondly, because it never will be in your disposal: and so fare you well, good Mr. *Tinsel*. Ha, ha, ha, you will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit Vellum.*]

TINSEL.

This rogue is as saucy as the Conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinsel*, what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

TINSEL.

No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

LADY.

I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

TINSEL.

Yes, yes, he looks like a put — a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

LADY.

L A D Y.

Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

T I N S E L.

What, I suppose he goes to church.

L A D Y.

Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

T I N S E L.

I would for once, Widow, to make sure of you.

L A D Y.

Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

T I N S E L.

Faith, very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wouldst not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker!

L A D Y.

Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the Conjuror told you you were short-liv'd.

T I N S E L.

The Conjuror! Ha, ha, ha!

L A D Y.

Indeed you're very witty!

T I N S E L.

Indeed you're very handsome. [Kisses her hand.

L A D Y.

I wish the fool does not love me! [Aside.

T I N S E L.

Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion — Pr'ythee, Widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

L A D Y.

The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [Aside.

M 4

T I N

T I N S E L.

I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, Widow.

L A D Y.

Mr. *Tinsel*, you are a very observing man.

T I N S E L.

Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board, might be turn'd into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

L A D Y.

You have a very good fancy, Mr. *Tinsel*—what pretty transformations you could make in my house—But I'll see where it will end. *[Aside.]*

T I N S E L.

Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

L A D Y.

I perceive you are an excellent manager——how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

T I N S E L.

Now hark ye, Widow, to show you the love that I have for you——

L A D Y.

Very well, let me hear.

T I N S E L.

You have an old-fashion'd gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

L A D Y.

I have; what then?

T I N S E L.

Why look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Oh you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

T I N S E L.

My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

L A D Y.

I see you do, Sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

T I N S E L.

Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

L A D Y.

Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

T I N S E L.

For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

L A D Y.

I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir *George's* decease.

T I N S E L.

Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question: Dost not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

L A D Y.

Yes: but decency, Mr. *Tinsel*——

T I N S E L.

Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow than thou art now?

L A D Y.

The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

M 5

T I N.

T I N S E L.

Ah, my dear, they would say you lov'd your second ;
and they would own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee
most inordinately.

L A D Y.

But what would people think ?

T I N S E L.

Think! why they would think thee the mirrour of
widowhood—That a woman should live fourteen whole
months after the decease of her spouse, without having
engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a
woman of quality's second husband several years before
the death of the first.

L A D Y.

Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests
upon us poor widows.

T I N S E L.

I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain Lady,
who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in
case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows
of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals
for her while her husband was alive, that one of them
pink'd the other in a duel. But the good Lady was no
sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why
faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third,
to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

L A D Y.

And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

T I N S E L.

Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe
Tom Tinsel.

L A D Y.

Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit,
or like a rake?

T I N S E L.

Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the dif-
ference, my dear?

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Yes, Mr. *Tinsel*, the only man I ever loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

T I N S E L.

Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

L A D Y.

If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

T I N S E L.

About this time, say'st thou? Come faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

L A D Y.

I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

T I N S E L.

Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! dost not hear him?

L A D Y.

You break your word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

T I N S E L.

Why both! my dear.—I'm glad however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hearest the drum, dost not?

L A D Y.

Don't talk so rashly.

T I N S E L.

Why, my dear, you could not look more frightened if you had *Lucifer's* drum-major in your house.

L A D Y.

Mr. *Tinsel*, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

TINSEL.

Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now — There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

LADY.

Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

TINSEL.

For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

LADY.

Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*]

TINSEL.

I'll tell thee what now, widow, — I would engage by the help of a white sheet and a pennyworth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise is that? Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY.

It beats more terrible than ever.

TINSEL.

'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to shew my parts!

LADY.

It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not angered it by your foolish discourse.

TINSEL.

Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless railery.

LADY.

Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

TIN-

TINSEL.

What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[Scene opens and discovers Fantome.]

TINSEL.

Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY.

Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband.

[She faints.]

TINSEL.

Now would I give ten thousand pound that I were in town.

[Fantome advances to him drumming.]

I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more.

[Fantome still advances drumming.]

By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest [falls on his knees.] Have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb— [Fantome points to the door.] But see he waves me off—ay with all my heart—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.]

FANTOME.

The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover, and then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard.

[He goes in.]

Enter ABIGAIL and Servants.

ABIGAIL.

O my poor Lady! this wicked drum has frightened Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my Lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover, [They carry

carry her off.] This is a little barbarous to my Lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,

'Twas for a thousand pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George in his Conjurer's Habit, the Butler marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.

BUTLER.

AN'T please your worship, Mr. *Conjurer*, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect, as if you were our master.

Sir GEORGE.

Thou say'st well.

GARDENER.

An't please your *Conjurer's* worship, shall I set the table down here?

Sir GEORGE.

Here, *Peter*.

GARDENER.

Peter! — he knows my name by his learning.

[*Aside.*]

COACHMAN.

I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

Sir GEORGE.

Place it there.

BUTLER.

Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUTLER.

Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my Lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges—would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

Sir GEORGE.

There is none better.

BUTLER.

Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

COACHMAN. [to the Gardener.]

Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—you know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

BUTLER.

Why, you don't think I'll stay with the Conjuror by myself!

GARDENER.

Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together.

[Exeunt servants.]

Sir GEORGE solus.

There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter GARDENER with a Sheet of paper,

COACHMAN with a Standish, and BUTLER with a Pen.

GARDENER:

Sir, there is your paper.

COACH:

COACHMAN.

Sir, there is your standish.

BUTLER.

Sir, there is your crow-quill pen — I'm glad I have got rid on't. [Aside.]

GARDENER.

He forgets that he's to make a circle [Aside.] — Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir GEORGE.

It is no matter.

BUTLER.

Look ye, Sir, I showed you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in that next room —

Sir GEORGE.

We shall try.

GARDENER.

That's right, *John*. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUTLER.

Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

Sir GEORGE.

I thank thee — we shall do without it.

GARDENER.

John, he seems a very good-natured man for a conjurer.

BUTLER.

I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he in my Lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

Sir GEORGE.

What wouldst thou?

BUT.

BUTLER.

Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver-spoons last week.

Sir GEORGE.

Marked with a swan's neck —

BUTLER.

My Lady's crest! He knows every thing. [*Aside.*]
How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

Sir GEORGE.

Hum!

BUTLER.

What must I do to come at it?

Sir GEORGE.

Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight —

BUTLER.

Small-beer! Rot-gut!

Sir GEORGE.

If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expired—it is as much—as thy spoon — is worth.

BUTLER.

I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*]

COACHMAN.

D'ye mind how they whisper?

GARDENER.

I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell.

COACHMAN.

I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor *Dobbin*: I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

BUTLER. [*to the Gardener.*]

A prodigious man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

GARDENER.

I have nothing to give him; Does not he expect to have his hand crossed with silver?

COACH-

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COACHMAN. [*to Sir George.*]

Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

Sir GEORGE.

Ask it.

COACHMAN.

I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched —

Sir GEORGE.

A bay gelding.

COACHMAN.

How could he know that? —

[*Aside.*]

Sir GEORGE.

Bought at Banbury.

COACHMAN.

Whew — so it was o' my conscience.

[*Whistles.*]

Sir GEORGE.

Six years old last Lammas.

COACHMAN.

To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by goody Crouch or goody Flye?

Sir GEORGE.

Neither.

COACHMAN.

Then it must be goody Gurton; for she is the next old woman in the parish.

GARDENER.

Hast thou done, Robin?

COACHMAN. [*to the Gardener.*]

He can tell thee any thing.

GARDENER. [*to Sir George.*]

Sir I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing —

Sir GEORGE.

Speak.

GARDENER.

The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person,

Sir

Enter Sir GEORGE.

A woman.

GARDENER.

How could he know that? *[Aside.]*

Sir GEORGE.

Go on.

GARDENER.

This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir GEORGE.

Twins.

GARDENER.

Prodigious! where could he hear that? *[Aside.]*

Sir GEORGE.

Proceed.

GARDENER.

Now, because I used to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both —

Sir GEORGE.

To thee.

GARDENER.

What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. *[Aside.]*

Sir GEORGE.

Hast thou done?

GARDENER.

I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both?

Sir GEORGE.

Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.]

COACHMAN.

Look yonder, *John*, the silly dog is turning about under the Conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puffed off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir GEORGE.

Twins, dost thou say? *[Still turning him.]*

GAR.

GARDENER.

Ay; are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir GEORGE.

Own but one of them.

GARDENER.

Ah, but Mrs. *Abigail* will have me take care of them both — she's always for the butler — if my poor master *Sir George* had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

Sir GEORGE.

What, was *Sir George* a kind master?

GARDENER.

Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

Sir GEORGE.

Did you love *Sir George*?

BUTLER.

Every body loved him —

COACHMAN.

There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death —

GARDENER.

He was the best neighbour —

BUTLER.

The kindest husband —

COACHMAN.

The truest friend to the poor —

BUTLER.

My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her —

Sir GEORGE.

I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long until I am their master again, that I may be kind to them.

[*Aside.*

Exit

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Have you provided the Doctor every thing he has occasion for? if so — you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sir GEORGE.

I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] — Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife, how does she after her fright?

VELLUM.

It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a widow —

Sir GEORGE.

I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke — pr'ythee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

VELLUM.

She is pretty well recovered, Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

Sir GEORGE.

That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus —

VELLUM.

You will still fancy you are a living man —

Sir GEORGE.

That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife —

VELLUM.

You have no right in her, after your demise: Death extin-

extinguishes all property, — *Quoad hanc* — it is a maxim in the law.

Sir GEORGE.

A pox on your learning! well, but what's become of *Tinsel*?

VELLUM.

He rushed out of the house, called for his horse, clapped spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I — can — tell — ten.

Sir GEORGE.

This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers, in one day — *Fantome* has driven out *Tinsel*, and I shall drive out *Fantome*.

VELLUM.

Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another — he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

Sir GEORGE.

Was there ever such a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. [*Aside.*] Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives. — You must remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

VELLUM.

There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch —

Sir GEORGE.

Then hear me.

VELLUM.

It is indeed the life of business —

Sir GEORGE.

Hear me then, I say.

VEL.

VELLUM.

And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First —

Sir GEORGE.

There is no bearing this! thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

VELLUM.

But your Hon--nour will not give me the hearing —

Sir GEORGE.

Thou wilt not give me the hearing — [*Angrily.*]

VELLUM.

I am still.

Sir GEORGE.

In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how *Abigal* has described the ghost to you.

VELLUM.

It shall be done.

Sir GEORGE.

Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

VELLUM.

It shall be done — but since her Ho--nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir GEORGE.

I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue *Tinsel*. I hope thou hast not told *Abigal* any thing of the secret.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* is a woman; there are many reasons why

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why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention fix —

Sir GEORGE.

Hush, here she comes! oh my heart!

Enter LADY and ABIGAL.

Sir GEORGE.

[*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady.*] O that lov'd woman! how I long to take her into my arms! if I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*]

LADY. [*To Vellum.*]

This is surprising indeed! so all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the family.

ABIGAL. [*Aside.*]

A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigail.*]

LADY.

Learned Sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir GEORGE.

Speak! but hold — first let me feel your pulse.

LADY.

What can you learn from that?

Sir GEORGE.

I have already learnt a secret from it, that will astonish you.

LADY.

Pray, what is it?

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N

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

You will have a husband within this half hour.

A B I G A L. [*Aside.*]I'm glad to hear that—he must mean Mr. *Fantome*;
I begin to think there's a great deal of truth in his art.

L A D Y.

Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

Sir G E O R G E.

Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more.
The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

A B I G A L.

Mr. *Fantome* to be sure. [*Aside.*]

L A D Y.

Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir G E O R G E.

You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

A B I G A L. [*Aside.*]I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

L A D Y.

Alas! you did not know Sir George.

Sir G E O R G E.

As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her return from London.

L A D Y.

This is astonishing!

Sir G E O R G E.

You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your *Mamma*!

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Every circumstance to a tittle?

Sir G E O R G E.

Then, Lady! the wedding night! I saw you in your white sattin night-gown; you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—you struggled—but he was too strong for you—you blush'd, he—

L A D Y.

Oh! stop there! go no farther!—he knows every thing. [Aside.]

A B I G A L.

Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir G E O R G E.

Mrs. *Abigal*, you know what your good word cost Sir *George*, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. *Abigal*.

A B I G A L.

The Devil's in him. [Aside.] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G E O R G E.

'Tis true, child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosom.

A B I G A L.

This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. [Aside.] Pray, Sir, though you are a *Conjurer*, methinks you need not be a Blab—

L A D Y.

Sir, since I have no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—it has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

Sir G E O R G E.

I must to that end be sincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

L A D Y.

I have been oblig'd to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

Sir G E O R G E.

Was not *Tinsel* welcome?—I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [Aside.]

L A D Y.

He was well recommended.

Sir G E O R G E.

Racks!

[Aside.]

L A D Y.

Of a good family.

Sir G E O R G E.

Tortures!

[Aside.]

L A D Y.

Heir to a considerable estate!

Sir G E O R G E.

Death! [Aside.] And you still love him?—I'm distracted! [Aside.]

L A D Y.

No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and ev'ry thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles!—

Sir G E O R G E.

I'm recover'd.

[Aside.]

A B I G A L.

Oh, Madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my Lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he: And where are you going? says I. To town,

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town, child, says he: For to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the Devil, says he.

Sir GEORGE.

Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this that may hinder Sir *George's* spirit from being at rest.

LADY.

If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is alway fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest — Tears will not let me go on —

Sir GEORGE.

This quite o'erpowers me — I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*] — Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

LADY.

Success attend you!

ABIGAL.

I wish Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don. — I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigal.*]

Sir GEORGE *solus.*

Sir GEORGE.

My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her — now for my revenge upon *Fantome* — I shall cut the ceremonies short — a few words will do his business — now let me seat myself in form — a good easy-chair for a Conjuror this! — now for a few mathematical scratches — a good lucky scrawl, that — faith I think it looks very astrological — these two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjuror's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are

you there? Enter Drummer. Now I must pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, beating the Drum.

Sir G E O R G E.

Pr'ythee, don't make a noise. I'm busy. [*Fantome beats.*
A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir G E O R G E. [*Rising.*

Ha! You're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances.*

How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. *Abigal's* wardrobe.

[*Fantome starts, gives a rap upon his Drum.*

Pr'ythee don't play the fool! [*Fantome beats.*

Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. *Fantome*.

FANTOME. [*Aside.*

Death! I'm discover'd. This jade *Abigal* has betray'd me.

Sir G E O R G E.

Mr. *Fantome*, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman*.

FANTOME.

'Tis plain she has told him all.

[*Aside.*

Sir G E O R G E.

Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his bones broke.

FANTOME. [*to Sir George.*

Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. *Abigal*.

Sir G E O R G E.

I have learnt it from my art.

FAN-

FANTOME.

Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces——

Sir GEORGE.

I am not mercenary! young man, I scorn thy gold.

FANTOME.

I'll make them up twenty——

Sir GEORGE.

Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition, as shall——

FANTOME.

An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frighted with bugbears——

Sir GEORGE.

Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art——

FANTOME.

Why, if thou hast any *Hocus pocus* tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir GEORGE.

The raising of a spirit, requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private——

FANTOME.

Well, if I see through your trick, you will promise to be my friend?

Sir GEORGE.

I will—attend and tremble.

[Exit.

FANTOME *solus.*

FANTOME.

A very solemn old afs! but I smoke him,—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this flut would have us'd me thus—I begin to be horribly

tired of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinsel* for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be spearing in hush money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir GEORGE in his own habit.

FANTOME.

Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman*! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! nay, then 'tis time to decamp!

[Runs off.]

Sir GEORGE.

Ha, ha, ha, fare you well, good Sir *George*—the enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAL.

Sir George stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.

ABIGAL.

Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak?

[Pulls him by the sleeve.]

Sir GEORGE.

Ha!

[Taking his hand from his face.]

ABIGAL.

Oh! 'tis my master!

[Scrieks.]

[Running away he catches her.]

Sir

Sir *G E O R G E*.

Good Mrs. *Abigal* not so fast.

A B I G A L.

Are you alive, Sir? — He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

Sir *G E O R G E*.

What dost think?

A B I G A L.

Think, Sir, think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir *G E O R G E*.

No questions, good *Abigal*, Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

A B I G A L.

Oh, I am so frightened—and so glad!——

Sir *G E O R G E*.

Where's your Lady, I ask you——

A B I G A L.

Marry I don't know where I am myself—— I can't forbear weeping for joy——

Sir *G E O R G E*.

Your Lady! I say your Lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more——

A B I G A L.

Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

Sir *G E O R G E*.

Then he has opened the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter L A D Y followed by V E L L U M.

L A D Y.

Where is he! let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

N 5

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

LADY.

Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! now am I happy indeed!

Sir GEORGE.

My heart is too full to answer thee.

LADY.

How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? you have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir GEORGE.

It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

LADY.

I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

Sir GEORGE.

And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

LADY.

Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir GEORGE.

May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter SERVANTS.

BUTLER.

Just as the steward told us, lads! look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already.

GARDENER.

He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam!

COACHMAN.

As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisked by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

GARDENER.

Ha'st given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

COACHMAN.

Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done:

Sir *GEORGE* [*to Lady.*]

My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUTLER.

Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

COACHMAN.

The same good man that ever he was!

GARDENER.

Whurra!

Sir *GEORGE.*

Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st *Abigail*, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

N 6.

LADY.

L A D Y.

What you do for *Abigal*, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

A B I G A L.

Mr *Vellum*, you are a well-spoken man : Pray do you thank my master and my Lady.

Sir G E O R G E.

Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make.

V E L L U M.

*The gift is two-fold. I receive from you
The virtuous partner, and a portion too ;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors :
And so we bid good-night to both your ho--nours.*



T H E

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. O L D F I E L D,

TO-night the poet's advocate I stand,
 And he deserves the favour at my hand,
 Who in my equipage their cause debating
 Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting;
 If both the first shou'd from their duty swerve,
 There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.
 In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
 He promis'd me to make the number double:
 In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
 For tho' 'tis simple, yet it shews good-nature.

My help thus ask'd, I cou'd not choose but grant it,
 And really I thought the play wou'd want it.
 Void as it is of all the usual arts
 To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
 No court-intrigue, no city-cuckoldom,
 No song, no dance, no music—but a drum—
 No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd;
 And gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
 When we wou'd raise your mirth, you hardly know
 Whether in strictness you shou'd laugh or no,

But

But turn upon the Ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.

Protect him then, ye fair-ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.

He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights.
Nay, to oblige the sex in every state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.

Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage;
No little scribler is of wit so bare,
But has his sling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale:
For should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, tho' true to marriage vows,
Nor be a jest though he shou'd love his spouse.
Thus has he done you *British* consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

THE LATE
T R I A L
AND
CONVICTION
OR
Count TARIFF.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1871

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1870

AND

CONVICTION

OF

THE LAND OFFICE

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY THE STATE PRINTING OFFICE, 1871.

THE L A T E

Trial and Conviction

O F

Count T A R I F F.

THE whole nation is at present very inquisitive after the proceedings in the cause of Goodman *Faß*, plaintiff, and Count *Tariff*, defendant; as it was tried on the eighteenth of *June*, in the thirteenth year of her Majesty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I shall therefore give my countrymen a short and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, must in the first place premise some particulars relating to the person and character of the said plaintiff Goodman *Faß*.

Goodman *Faß* is allowed by every body to be a plain-spoken person, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his aversion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters no body. Yet so great is his natural eloquence that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets himself to be heard. He never applies to the passions or prejudices of his audience: When they listen with attention and honest minds, he never fails of carrying

carrying his point. He appeared in a suit of *English* broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was substantial, honest, home-spun ware. His cane indeed came from the *East-Indies*, and two or three little superfluities from *Turkey*, and other parts. It is said that he encouraged himself with a bottle of neat Port, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the court by several thousands of 'Weavers, Clothiers, Fullers, Dyers, Packers, Calenders, Setters, 'Silk-men, Spinners, Dressers, Whitsters, Winders, 'Mercers, Throwsters, Sugar-bakers, Distillers, Drapers, Hofiers, Planters, Merchants, and Fishermen;' who all unanimously declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend *Fact* did not gain his cause.

Every body was over-joyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in court, but several of his friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: For indeed he had not been seen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited against Count *Tariff* was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the plaintiff.

II. That the said Count had tampered with the said plaintiff, and made use of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the said Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly devised speeches, as a person in the *French* interest.

IV. That the said Count had averred in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the plaintiff speak in derogation of the *Portuguese*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*,

Italians, Hollanders, and others; who were the persons whom the said plaintiff had always favoured in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favour.

V. That the said Count had given a very disadvantageous relation of the three great farms, which had long flourished under the care and superintendency of the plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers. That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these and many other wicked devices he would have starved many honest day-labourers; have impoverished the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, &c.

VII. That the said Count had either sunk or mislaid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars Goodman *Fast* was very short but pithy: For, as I said before, he was a plain homespun man. His yea, was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther so much of the quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the plaintiff all the while he was speaking: But though he was not so impudent as the Count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to speak, old *Fast* so stared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often struck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion to attest Goodman *Fast*'s veracity than ever were seen in a court of
af

of justice. His cause was pleaded by the ablest men in the kingdom; among whom was a gentleman of *Sussex*, who did him signal service.

Count *Tariff* appeared just the reverse of goodman *Fact*. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistcoat, curiously embroidered with flower-de-luces. He wore also a broad-brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, and a pair of silver-clocked stockings. His speeches were accompanied with much gesture and grimace. He abounded in empty phrases, superficial flourishes, violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* assurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would most certainly have carried his cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in the world besides Goodman *Fact*.

The Count being called upon to answer to the charge which had been made against him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, viz. by railing and calling names.

He, in the first place, accused his adversary of *Scandalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his superiors with sauciness and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at court, he was a little startled at this accusation, until at length he made it appear, that it was impossible for any of his family to be either saucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the court, that is, **TO SPEAK THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.**

The Count in the next place assured the court, that his antagonist had taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not **FACT** but **FACTION**. The Count was so pleased with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every sentence; calling his antagonist's assertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the sons of faction; the testimonies of witnesses, the dictates of faction: Nay, with such a degree of impudence did he push this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread,

bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a starving multitude, the CLAMOURS OF FACTION.

As soon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the court, that F A C T was not an *Engliskman* by birth, but that he was of *Dutch* extraction, and born in *Holland*. In consequence of this assertion, he began to rally the poor plaintiff, under the title of MYNHEER VAN FACT; which took pretty well with the simpletons of his party, but the men of sense did not think the jest worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finished his speech, he desired leave to call in his witnesses, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in such a manner that it was impossible to see his face. He spoke in the spirit, nay, in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his assertions. Being asked his name; he said the world called him MERCATOR; but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reasons he was obliged to conceal. The court found him such a false, shuffling, prevaricating rascal, that they set him aside as a person unqualified to give his testimony in a court of justice; advising him at the same time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering such notorious falsehoods as he had then published. The witness however persisted in his contumacy, telling them he was very sorry to find, that notwithstanding what he had said, they were resolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witness who spoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff*. This was a tall, black, blustering person, dressed in a *Spanish* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Golillio* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* sticking out by his side; his garments were so covered with tinsel and spangles, that at a distance he seemed to be made up of silver and gold.
He

He called himself DON ASSIENTO, and mentioned several nations that had sought his friendship; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into these parts to enrich every one that heard him. The court was at first very well pleased with his figure, and the promises he made them; but upon examination found him a true *Spaniard*: nothing but show and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithstanding the boasts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon casting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his estate, he was worse than nothing.

There appeared another witness in favour of the Count, who spoke with so much violence and warmth, that the court began to listen to him very attentively; until upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the post, being kept in pay, to give his testimony on all occasions where it was wanted. This was the EXAMINER; a person who had abused almost every man in *England*, that deserved well of his country. He called Goodman *Faß* a liar, a seditious person, a traitor, and a rebel; and so much incensed the honest man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that so foul-mouthed a witness never appeared in any cause. Seeing several persons of great eminence who had maintained the cause of Goodman *Faß*, he called them ideots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheists, apostates, fiends and devils; never did man show so much eloquence in ribaldry. The court was at length so justly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who spared no age, no sex, nor profession, which had shown any friendship or inclination for the plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, it was high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness over-hearing the word *pillory* repeated twice or thrice, slunk away privately, and hid himself among the people.

After

After a full hearing on both sides, Count *Tariff* was cast, and Goodman *Fact* got his cause; but the court sitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him costs, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time when the Count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman *Fact*'s success created in the city of *London*; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.



T H E

WHIG-EXAMINER.

Vol. II.

O

THE
WHIG-EXAMINER

T H E
W H I G - E X A M I N E R .

N^o 1. Thursday, September 14, 1710.

*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, & cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit. ———*

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the *Examiner*. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner*: At least his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a critic that has discovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor, than the criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. Garth's Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them: To begin with the first: Did ever an advocate for a party open with such an unfortunate assertion? 'The collective body of the Whigs have already engrossed our riches.'

O 2

That

That is, in plain *English*, the Whigs are possessed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for these six weeks? Is there any thing more reasonable, than those who have all the riches of the nation in their possession, or if he likes his own phrase better, as indeed I think it is stronger, than those who have already engrossed our riches, should have the management of our public treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: 'Their representative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a monopoly of our sense.' Well, but what does all this end in? If the Author means any thing it is this, That to prevent such a monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity both in his railleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follows.

THE RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monster, that would eat

Whatever stranger she could get;

Unless his ready wit disclos'd

The subtle riddles she propos'd.

Oedipus was resolv'd to go,

And try what strength of parts could do.

Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate:

Tell me what animal is that,

Which has four feet at morning bright?

Has two at noon, and three at night?

'Tis man, said he, who weak by nature,

At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,

Upon

Upon all four : As years accrue,
 With sturdy steps he walks on two :
 In age, at length, grown weak and sick,
 For his third leg adopts the stick.
 Nor in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
 You should resolve me, Madam *Sphinx*,
 What stranger creature yet is he,
 Who has four legs, then two, then three;
 Then loses one, then gets two more,
 And runs away at last on four.

The first part of this little mystical poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himself the trouble of explaining it : But as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years ; and not according to *Rabelais*, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: What creature, says he, is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs ; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs? Were I disposed to be splenetic, I should ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles ' so wild, so childish, or so ' flat : ' But though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the author has stolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand ; in came four legs, and snatched away one leg ; up started two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more

ingenuously with my reader than the above-mentioned enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: One leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant-maid, three legs is a joint-stool, which in the *Sphinx's* country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the Author's words:

What stranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was proposed by *Oedipus* to the *Sphinx*, after he had given his solution to that which the *Sphinx* had proposed to him. This *Oedipus*, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a King of *Thebes*, and bore a particular grudge to the Treasurer of that kingdom; which made him so bitter upon *H. L.* in this enigma.

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being 'weak by nature,' as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen *Jocasta's* court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now it so happened that the treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, 'Then loses one —' Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

What

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, —

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I must confess has kept me awake for these three nights;

— Then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.

I at last thought the Treasurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature consideration do find that the words (Then gets two more) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that Runs, in the next line, should be Rides. I shall therefore restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

Oedipus speaks:

Now in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam *Sphinx*,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then lose one, ' then gains two more,'
And rides away at last on four?

I must now inform the reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of its dominions on horseback, an advantage that a *British* Statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it ' in an open boat;' for to say of an *Englishman* in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would

be as absurd as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. *James's* gate, and galloped away to the *Hague*.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the Author for the future to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known subject: Where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syrisca's* ladle was lost in one hole, and *Hans Carvel's* finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker satires than ever *Perfius* did. After this cursory view of the *Examiner's* performance, let us consider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he passes upon the Doctor's considering the Treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diversity of thoughts and allusions: And though it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with the *Examiner*, upon the phrases of 'passions being poised,' and of the 'retrieving merit from dependence,' which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the same cavilling spirit that finds fault with that expression of the 'pomp of peace among the woes of war,' as well as of 'offering unasked.' As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author should deprive us of those particular similes for the future. The next criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason but to mention Mr. *Bickersstaff*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an ox:

—Non si te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris—

The allusion to the victim may be a gallimatia in *French* politics, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true *English* spirit. And as for the *Examiner's* remarks on the word bleed (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain itself) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who alway murder where they rob. The last observation is upon the line, 'Ingratitude's a weed of every clime.' Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor for having called that the weed, which *Dryden* only terms the growth, of every clime. But for God-sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude.

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: And I do do not question but the same, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Dispensary* was no Poet, will very suddenly undertake to shew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

N^o 2. Thursday, September 21.

—Arcades ambo,

Et cantare pares—

Virg.

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarles* have passed through several editions, and please as many readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotson*. The *Examiner* had not written two half-sheets of paper before he met with one that was astonished at 'the force he was master of,' and approaches him with awe,

when he mentions state-subjects, as 'inroaching on the
' province that belonged to him,' and treating of things
' that deserved to pass under his pen.' The same humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furnish mankind with an 'Antidote to the poison that is scattered through
' the nation.' This crying up of the *Examiner's* antidote, puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the streets of *Paris*. A little boy walked before him, publishing, with a shrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes sortes de maladies,* 'My father cures all sorts of distempers.' To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai,* 'The child says true.'

That the reader may see what party the Author of this letter is of, I shall shew how he speaks of the *French* King and the Duke of *Anjou*, and how of our greatest allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. 'In the mean while the *French* King has withdrawn his
' troops from *Spain*, and has put it out of his power to
' restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough
' really to desire to do it. The Duke of *Anjou* has had
' leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm
' his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form
' his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the *Spanish*
' nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent Princes
' had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough
' that if the war continue much longer on the present
' foot, instead of regaining *Spain*, we shall find the Duke
' of *Anjou* in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and
' support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose
' arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld.' What expressions of tenderness, duty and submission! the panegyric on the Duke of *Anjou*, is by much the best written part of this whole letter; the apology for the *French* King, is indeed the same which the *Rost-boy* has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great Prince. There are many strokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in several parts of this notable epistle; I shall
only

only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expressed for the ministry by their humble applications to her Majesty in these words.

‘Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new expedient, and the interest of *Europe* is to be represented as inseparable from that of the ministers.’

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam est;

Flectere si nequeunt superos, Acheronta movebunt.

‘The members of the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the court of *Vienna*, are called in as confederates to the ministry.’ This, in the mildest *English* it will bear, runs thus. ‘They are resolved to look for help where-ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it.’ That is, to the members of the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the court of *Vienna*. The *French* King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning *Englishman*; but I am very much surprised to see the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the court of *Vienna*, in such company. We may still see the Gentleman’s principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country; speaking of the General, ‘the quondam Treasurer, and the Junto,’ which every one knows comprehends the Whigs, in their utmost extent; he adds, in opposition to them, ‘For the Queen and the whole body of the *British* nation,’ —

Nos numerus sumus.

In *English*,

‘We are cyphers.’

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the *British* nation, I leave to any one’s judging: And wonder how an Author can be so disrespectful to her Majesty, as to separate her in so saucy a manner from

that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himself, 'have engrossed the riches of the nation;' and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of, We, that is 'WE Queen and Tories' are cyphers. *Nos numerus sumus* is a scrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal *Woolsey's* *Ego & Rex meus*. We find the same particle WE, used with 'great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this letter; 'But, nothing decisive, nothing which had 'the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to *Thoulon*, which 'WE suffered to be defeated before it began.' Whoever did, God forgive them: There were indeed several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we shall now consider his performance, under the three heads of wit, language, and argument. The first lash of his satire falls upon the *Censor of Great-Britain*, who, says he, resembles the famous *Censor of Rome*, in nothing but espousing the 'cause of the vanquished.' Our letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in *Lucan*,

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

'The Gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but 'Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished.' The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of *Cato the Censor*, but of *Cato of Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerstaff* who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger *Cato*, who was not a *Roman Censor*, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say therefore, that the *Censor of Great-Britain* resembles that famous *Censor of Rome* in 'nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished;' is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths and secret histories that are brought to light in this letter, that the author of these new revelations resembles the ancient author of the revelations 'in nothing but venturing his head.' Besides that there would

would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common reader, should he thus mistake one *St. John* for another, and apply that to *St. John the Evangelist* which relates to *St. John the Baptist*, who died many years before him?

Another smart touch of the author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry; and instead of writing a letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: 'Paint, Sir, with that force which you are master of, the present state of the war abroad; and expose to the public view those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, so different from those upon which it was originally entered into. Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her Majesty, and of those unnatural struggles which have betrayed the weakness of a shattered constitution.' By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *English* prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? And this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: 'And when this is done, *D——n* shall blush in his grave among the dead, *Walpole* among the living, and even *Volpone** shall feel some remorse.' Was there ever any thing, I will not say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in satire. But we see a master-piece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where without any respect to a Dutches of *Great-Britain*, a Prin-

* The Earl of *Godolphin*, a nick-name given him by Doctor *Saunders*, in one of his sermons.

eers of the Empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her Royal Mistress, he calls a great Lady 'an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;' and applies to her a line which *Virgil* writ originally upon *Alecto*. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled, 'An essay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.' This author is full of satire, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of *Marlborough's* victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the Queen's singing-men, who it seems did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving-day in an anthem; as you may see in that passage: 'Towns have been taken and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the stentor of *Sarum* has deafened his audience from the pulpit.' Thus you see how like a true son of the high-church, he falls upon a learned and reverend prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some men as a confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promised in the next place to consider the language of this excellent author, who I find takes himself for an orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they 'profusely scatter' through the nation; that is, in plain *English*, for 'squandering away their poison.' In the second he talks of 'carrying probability through the thread of a fable;' and in the third, 'of laying an odium at a man's door.' In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that 'the
' General,

' General, the quondam Treasurer, and the Junto, are
' the only objects of the confidence of the allies, and of
' the fears of the enemies.' I would advise this author
to try the beauty of this expression: Suppose a foreign
Minister should address her Majesty in the following
manner, (for certainly it is her Majesty only to whom
the sense of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam,
you are, ' the object of the confidence of the allies;' or
Madam, your Majesty is the ' only object of the fears
' of the enemies.' Would a man think that he had
learned *English*? I would have the author try, by the
same rule, some of his other phrases, as page seven,
where he tells us, ' That the balance of power in
' Europe would be still precarious.' What would a trades-
man think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his
' scales were precarious;' and mean by it, that they
were ' not fixed?' In the thirteenth page he speaks of
certain ' profligate wretches who having usurped the
' royal seat, resolved to venture overturning the cha-
' riot of government, rather than to lose their place in
' it.' A plain-spoken man would have left the Chariot
out of this sentence, and so have made it good *English*.
As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech,
but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have
a place in the chariot which he drives. I would there-
fore advise this Gentleman, in the next edition of his
letter, to change the Chariot of government into the
Chaise of government, which will sound as well, and
serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the
Errata of this very small work, but will conclude this
head with taking notice of a certain figure which was
unknown to the ancients, and in which this letter-writer
very much excels. This is called by some an *Antich-*
max, an instance of which we have in the tenth page;
where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this
only glory left her, ' That she has proved a farm to
' the bank, a province to *Holland*, and a jest to the
' whole world.' I never met with so sudden a downfal
in so promising a sentence; ' a jest to the whole world,'
gives

gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprised to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. Dryden.

Not only *London* echoes with thy fame,

But also *Islington* has heard the same.

The other are in *French*,

Allez vous, lui dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens;

Ou vous avez laisse votre honneur et vos gens.

But we need not go further than the letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. 'Mankind remains convinced, that a Queen 'possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, 'or make a private family happy, sits on the throne.' Is this panegyric or burlesque? To see so glorious a Queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every good subject a secret indignation; and looks like *Scarron's* character of the great Queen *Semiramis*, who, says that author, "was the founder of *Babylon*; Conqueror of "the *East*, and an excellent housewife."

The third subject, being the argumentative part of this Letter, I shall leave until another occasion.

Thursday,

N^o 3. Thursday, September 28.

Non defensoribus istis

Tempus eget. —

Virg.

I Was once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again, when he immediately re-assumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, 'but Sir, as I was a telling 'you.' The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the author of *Don Quixote*, who inserts several novels in his works, and after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. *Hudibras* has broke off the 'Adventure of 'the Bear and Fiddle.' The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the course of a lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the *Examiner*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of 'the Letter 'to the *Examiner*' to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows:

" *Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up
" in the school of *Socrates*; and one of the best orators
" of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a time when
" learning was at its highest pitch: He was likewise
" very famous for his military exploits, having gained
" great

“ great conquests over the *Lacedæmonians*, who had
 “ formerly been the confederates of his countrymen
 “ against the great King of *Persia*, but were at that time
 “ in alliance with the *Persians*. He had been once so
 “ far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his
 “ enemies, that the priests cursed him. But after the
 “ great services which he had done for his country,
 “ they publicly repealed their curses, and changed them
 “ into applauses and benedictions.

“ *Plutarch* tells us, in ‘ the life of *Alcibiades*,’ that
 “ one *Taureas*, an obscure man, contended with him
 “ for a certain prize, which was to be conferred by
 “ vote; at which time each of the competitors re-
 “ commended himself to the *Athenians* by an oration.
 “ The speech which *Alcibiades* made on that occasion,
 “ has been lately discovered among the manuscripts of
 “ *King’s college* in *Cambridge*; and communicated to me
 “ by my learned friend *Doctor Bentley*; who tells me,
 “ that by a marginal note it appears, that this *Taureas*,
 “ or, as the Doctor rather chooses to call him, *Toryas*,
 “ was an *Athenian* brewer. This speech I have trans-
 “ lated literally, changing very little in it, except where
 “ it was absolutely necessary to make it understood by
 “ an *English* reader. It is as follows:

“ **I** S it then possible, O ye *Athenians*, that I who
 “ hitherto have had none but Generals, to oppose
 “ me, must now have an artisan for my antagonist?
 “ That I who have overthrown the Princes of *Lace-*
 “ *dæmon*, must now see myself in danger of being
 “ defeated by a brewer? What will the world say of
 “ the goddess that presides over you, should they sup-
 “ pose you follow her dictates? would they think she
 “ acted like herself, like the great *Minerva*? would
 “ they now say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or
 “ would they not rather say, she has a second time
 “ chosen owls for her favourites? but O ye men of
 “ *Athens*, what has this man done to deserve your
 “ voices? you say he is honest, I believe it, and there-
 “ fore

"fore he shall brew for me. You say is he assiduous in
 "his calling: And is he not grown rich by it? let him
 "have your custom but not your votes: You are now
 "to cast your eyes on those who can detect the artifices
 "of the common enemy, that can disappoint your
 "secret foes in council, and your open ones in the
 "field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has
 "been tapping his liquors, while I have been spilling
 "my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you,
 "while I have been reaping laurels. Have I not borne
 "the dust and heat of the day, while he has been
 "sweating at the furnace? behold these scars, be-
 "hold this wound which still bleeds in your service;
 "what can *Taureas* shew you of this nature? what are
 "his marks of honour? has he any other wound about
 "him, except the accidental scaldings of his wort, or
 "bruises from the tub or barrel? let it not, O *Athe-*
 "*nians*, let it not be said, that your Generals have
 "conquered themselves into your displeasure, and lost
 "your favour by gaining you victories. Shall those
 "achievements that have redeemed the present age
 "from slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the
 "benefits of them? shall those names that have made
 "your city the glory of the whole earth, be mentioned
 "in it with obloquy and detraction? will not your
 "posterity blush at their forefathers, when they shall
 "read in the annals of their country, that *Alcibiades*
 "in the ninetieth olympiad, after having conquered the
 "*Lacedæmonians*, and recovered *Byzantium*, contended
 "for a prize against *Taureas* the brewer? the compe-
 "tition is dishonourable, the defeat would be shameful.
 "I shall not however slacken my endeavours for the
 "security of my country. If she is ungrateful, she is
 "still *Athens*. On the contrary, as she will stand more
 "in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a
 "people; I will pursue my victories, until such time
 "as it shall be out of your power to hurt yourselves,
 "and that you may be in safety even under your
 "present leaders. But oh! thou genius of *Athens*,
 "whither

" whither art thou fled ? where is now the race of those
 " glorious spirits that perished at the battle of *Thermopyle*, and fought upon the plains of *Marathon* ? are
 " you weary of conquering, or have you forgotten the
 " oath which you took at *Agraulos*, ' That you would
 " look upon the bounds of *Attica* to be those soils only
 " which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley,
 " vines and olives ? ' " consider your enemies the *Lacedæmonians* ; did you ever hear that they preferred a
 " coffee-man to *Agesslaus* ? no, though their Generals
 " have been unfortunate, though they have lost several
 " battles, though they have not been able to cope
 " with the troops of *Athens*, which I have conducted ;
 " they are comforted and consoled, nay, celebrated
 " and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their Generals
 " have been received with honour after their defeat,
 " yours with ignominy after conquest. Are there not
 " men of *Taureas*'s temper and character, who tremble
 " in their hearts at the name of the great King of
 " *Persia* ? who have been against entering into a war
 " with him, or for making a peace upon base conditions ?
 " that have grudged those contributions which have set
 " our country at the head of all the governments of
 " *Greece* ? that would dishonour those who have raised
 " her to such a pitch of glory ? that would betray those
 " liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchased
 " or recovered with their blood ? and would prosecute
 " your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as
 " of late years we have attacked the common enemy ?
 " I shall trouble you no more, O ye men of *Athens* ;
 " you know my actions, let my antagonist relate what
 " he has done for you. Let him produce his vats and
 " tubs, in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards
 " which were employed against you, and which
 " I have wrested out of the hands of your enemies.
 " And when this is done, let him be brought into the
 " field of election upon his dray-cart ; and if I can
 " finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to meet
 " him there in a triumphant chariot. But, oh ye
 " Gods !

"Gods! let not the King of *Perſia* laugh at the fall
 "of *Alcibiades*! let him not ſay," "the *Athenians* have
 "avenged me upon their own Generals;" "or let me
 "be rather ſtruck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian*,
 "than diſgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens."

N^o 4. Thursday, October 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum. Sal

H*Udibras* has defined nonſenſe, as *Cowley* does wit,
 by negatives. Nonſenſe, ſays he, is that which
 is neither true nor falſe. Theſe two great properties of
 nonſenſe, which are always eſſential to it, give it ſuch
 a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is
 incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It
 ſtands upon its own baſis like a rock of adamant, ſecured
 by its natural ſituation againſt all conqueſts or attacks.
 There is no one place about it weaker than another,
 to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and
 the minor are of equal ſtrength. Its queſtions admit of
 no reply, and its aſſertions are not to be invalidated.
 A man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh colours in the
 miſt of darkneſs as to find out what to approve and
 diſapprove in nonſenſe: you may as well aſſault an
 army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any
 thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you
 cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths
 and obſcurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in
 an elaborate and well-written piece of nonſenſe, than
 in the moſt abſtraſe and profound tract of ſchool-divinity.

After this ſhort panegyric upon nonſenſe, which
 may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader, as
Erasmus's 'Encomium of folly;' I muſt here ſolemnly
 proteſt, that I have not done it to curry favour with my
 antagonist,

antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the 'Letter to the Examiner.' I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute, to state the whole nature of nonsense; and because it is a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper; that in a poor dispirited stile creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly among self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper, & est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise: it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonsense* in the play called, 'The Nest of Fools.' In a word, your high nonsense has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like *Æsop's* ass clothed in a lion's skin.

When *Aristotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in the school, two of his scholars being candidates for it; he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the stile and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by wine; I shall represent these kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by small-beer.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and

and spirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low grovelling nonsense in every *Grub-street* production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Doctor *Sacheverell* in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the letter to the Examiner.—This is when an author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not indeed at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which in some places he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of it: Nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The system of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley peice, will be as follows: The conduct of the late ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestic: As to the first, he tells us, that ‘the motives which engaged *Britain* in the present war, were both wise and generous;’ so that the ministry is cleared as to that particular.

particular. These motives he tells us, 'were to restore the *Spanish* monarchy to the house of *Austria*, and to regain a barrier for *Holland*. The last of these two motives, he says, was effectually answered by the reduction of the *Netherlands* in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.' So that the ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into a war, *viz.* 'The restoring the *Spanish* monarchy to the house of *Austria*,' he tells us, 'remained still in its full force; and we were told,' says he, 'that though the barrier of *Holland* was secured, the trade of *Britain* and the balance of power in *Europe* would be still precarious: *Spain* therefore must be conquered.' He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: But what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to shew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the *Spanish* monarchy; 'that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where *France* is best able to keep us at a bay; that the *French* King has made it impossible for himself, to give up *Spain*, and that the Duke of *Anjou* has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: Nay, 'that instead of regaining *Spain*, we shall find the Duke of *Anjou* in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.' He then intimates to us, that the *Dutch* and the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of *Bourbon* in the quiet possession of the *Spanish* monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by General *Stanhope*, that if the author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the *French* King or the

the Duke of *Anjou* have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in *Spain*, notwithstanding 'the little care the Emperor takes to support King *Charles*,' notwithstanding the *Dutch* might have been contented 'with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them,' that victorious General at the head of *English* and *Dutch* forces, in conjunction with those of the Emperor, has wrested *Spain* out of the hands of the house of *Bourbon*; and added the conquests of *Navarre*, *Aragon*, and *Castile*, to those of *Catalonia*, *Bavaria*, *Flanders*, *Mantua*, *Milan*, *Naples*, *Sicily*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Sardinia*. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: They puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling author of this letter say, that the ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of *Spain*, when the whole kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The letter-writer says, 'that the *Dutch* had gained a good barrier after the battle of *Ramillies* in the year 1705. But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Brussels*, *Ghent* and *Bruges*, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? but it seems our great General on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. But, says the letter-writer, 'the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place:' But if the laying the stress of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole strength of *France*; if it weakened *Spain*, and left it exposed to an equal force; if *France*, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as *England* could two regiments; every impartial judge would

think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author of this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief allies, the Emperor and the *Dutch*. He tells us, 'they hoped *England* would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for *Holland*.' As if *England* were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for *Holland*; which has always been looked upon as our bulwark, or as Mr. *Waller* expresses it, our 'outguard on the continent;' and which if it had fallen into the hands of the *French*, would have made *France* more strong by sea than all *Europe* besides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders*, by opening our trade into the *Levant*, by securing ports for us in *Gibraltar*, *Minorca* and *Naples*, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England*, than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? not to mention the demolishing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this author's aspersions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the secretary of state. Had he not been looked upon as an insignificant scribbler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest *Scotchman*, who, as he was walking along the streets of *London*, heard one calling out after him, *Scot, Scot*, and casting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language against that ancient nation: *Sawney* turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused him was a saucy parrot that hung up not far from

from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, were he a man as he were a green-goose, he would have run him through the womb.

The next head our politician goes upon, relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at: All that I can gather from him is, that 'the Queen had grieved her subjects' in making choice of such men for her ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.



N^o 5 Thursday, October 12.*Parere jam non scelus est.*

Martial.

WE live in a nation where at present there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politics. The whole island is peopled with statesmen, and not unlike *Trinculo's* kingdom, of Vice-roys, every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which, as an *Englishman*, I lay in my claim to be a politician; I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the Freeholders of *Great-Britain*, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, a father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to Passive-obedience and Non-resistance. For I must observe, that the advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: And we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. Passive-obedience and Non-resistance are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: They have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and

and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the people : The question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our Prince ; but whether the *English* form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy ? whether our Prince be obliged by our constitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical ?

It is impossible to state the measures of Obedience, without settling the extent of Power ; or to describe the Subject, without defining the King. An arbitrary Prince is in justice and equity the master of a non-resisting people ; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. Passive-obedience and Non-resistance are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the will of a Grand Signior or a Mogul. The same power which those Princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution ; and that for the same reason ; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controlled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our Prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure ; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, What dost thou ?

If therefore we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience ; which can never rise too high to our Sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert ; that liberty and property are the birth-right of the *English* nation,

nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: This, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of Non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late addresses. I would fain know what Freeholder in *England* would have subscribed the following address, had it been offered to him; or whether her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the reader, if this had not been the sense of many addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

MADAM,

“IT is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we
 “hear a set of men daily preaching up among us
 “that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-prefer-
 “vation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public
 “writings, as in their private discourses, that it is
 “lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence
 “of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost
 “horror and detestation of these diabolical principles,
 “that may induce your people to rise up in vin-
 “dication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a
 “wicked Prince shall make use of his royal authority
 “to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and
 “impious attempts of those men, who, under the reign
 “of the best of Sovereigns, would avow such dan-
 “gerous

gerous tenets as may secure them under the worst.
 " We are resolved to beat down and discountenance
 " these seditious notions, as being altogether republi-
 " can, jesuitical, and conformable to the practice of
 " our rebellious forefathers; who in all ages, at an in-
 " finite expence of blood and treasure, asserted their
 " rights and properties, and consulted the good of
 " their posterity by resistance, arms, and pitched battles,
 " to the great trouble and disquiet of their lawful
 " Prince. We do therefore in the most humble and
 " dutiful manner solemnly protest and declare, that we
 " will never resist a Sovereign that shall think fit to de-
 " stroy our *Magna Charta*, or invade those rights and
 " liberties which those traitors procured for us; but
 " will venture our lives and fortunes against such of our
 " fellow subjects who think they may stand up in de-
 " fence of them."

It happens very unluckily that there is something so
 supple and insinuating in this absurd unnatural doctrine,
 as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear:
 For which reason the publishers of it have always been
 the favourites of weak Kings. Even those who have
 no inclination to do hurt to others, says the famous sa-
 tirist, would have the power of doing it if they pleased.
 Honest men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect
 from them, and what obedience they shall be always
 ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with
 such base and abject flatterers; and are therefore always
 in danger of being the last in the royal favour. Nor
 indeed would that be unreasonable, if the professors of
 Non-resistance and Passive-obedience would stand to
 their principle: But instead of that we see they never
 fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and
 to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of
 it. Did they not in the late revolution rise up unani-
 mously with those who always declared their subjection
 to be conditional, and their obedience limited? and

very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? did not the Church-memorial, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell her Majesty that it would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of Passive-obedience and Non-resistance, for that 'nature might rebel against principles?' Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise Non-resistance to a Prince that pleases them, and Passive-obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells him, why yes truly, he had taken such an oath, 'but 'it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's 'master.' This is in effect the language of the church in the above-mentioned memorial. Men of these soft peaceable dispositions in times of prosperity, put me in mind of *Kirk's* lambs; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons, that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of *Thales* the wise *Milestian*, 'that of all wild beasts a tyrant is the worst, 'and of all tame beasts a flatterer.' They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a Prince that he is irresistible, and he will take

take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no less destructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a proceeding? it is too fresh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings; he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James's* reign, the Quakers presented an address, which gave great offence to the high church-men of those times. But notwithstanding the uncourtliness of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counter-part to the foregoing one.

“ These are to testify to thee our sorrow for our
 “ friend *Charles*, whom we hope thou wilt fol-
 “ low in every thing that is good.
 “ We hear that thou art not of the religion of the
 “ land any more than we, and therefore may reason-
 “ ably expect that thou wilt give us the same liberty
 “ that thou takest thyself.

“ We hope that in this and in all things else thou
 “ wilt promote the good of thy people, which will
 “ oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long
 “ and prosperous.”

Had all King *James*'s subjects addressed him with the
 same integrity; he had, in all probability, sat upon his
 throne until death had removed him from it.



THE
L O V E R.

Phyllida amo ante alias: Nam me discedere fleuit. Virg.

L O V E R

T H E

L O V E R.

N^o 10 Thursday, March 18.

—*Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I Have lately been very much teized with the thought of Mrs. *Anne Page*, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of China-ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a China-dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap until I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and china. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China-vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an *Indian* Mandarine, as her great grand-daughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of china have

have it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloaths and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend *Trade-well* in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with china, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, says he, are above twenty suits of cloaths, and on that scrutoir, above a hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays and mantuas, went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is, says he, a suit of cloaths is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dexterous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is so often purchasing a great vase of china, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife. There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their servants wages in china fragments, which their carelessness has produced. 'If thou hast a piece of earthen-ware, consider, says *Epictetus*, that it is a piece of earthen-ware, and by consequence very easy and obnoxious to be broken: Be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass.' In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities until such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a china cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: First, that all china-ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: And thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first: The fragility of china is such as a reasonable Being ought by no means to

to set its heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken pleasure in eggs-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of china may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few china-vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a hoghead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape and size.

But, in the last place, china-ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of china? the furniture of a Lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: You see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine sort of porcelain, not to mention the several *Chinese* Ladies who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our *British* potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions to be employed in services of the family; besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

N^o 39

Tuesday, May 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus.

Interpres—

Hor.

Since I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in love as well as myself.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my advice. *Will*, is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the spleen: You may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has in less than three months reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the

the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still frowns upon her hands. *Will* is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will*, and makes him lie awake all night—As I was going on with *Will Wormwood's* amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be ‘The moral characters of *Theophrastus*,’ translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell*.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, ‘A discontented temper,’ which gives a livelier picture of my cousin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows.

* Printed for J. TONSON in 1714.



CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

A discontented temper.

‘ A discontented temper, is “ A frame of mind which
 “ sets a man upon complaining without reason.” ‘ When
 “ one of his neighbours who makes an entertainment,
 “ sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that
 “ is nice, What, says he,” “ your master did not think
 “ me good enough to dine with him?” ‘ he complains
 “ of his mistress at the very time she is caressing him;
 “ and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, I
 “ wish,” says he, “ all this came from your heart.” ‘ In
 “ a dry season he grumbles for want of rain, and when
 “ a shower falls, mutters to himself,” “ Why could not
 “ this have come sooner?” ‘ If he happens to find a
 “ purse of money,” “ had it been a pot of gold, says
 “ he, it would have been worth stooping for.” ‘ He
 “ takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of
 “ a slave; and after he has paid his money for him, “ I
 “ am sure, says he, thou art good for nothing, or I should
 “ not have had thee so cheap.” ‘ When a messenger
 “ comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is
 “ brought to bed of a son, he answers,” “ That is as
 “ much as to say, friend, I am poorer by half to-day
 “ than I was yesterday.” ‘ Though he has gained a
 “ cause with full costs and damages, he complains that
 “ his council did not insist upon the most material
 “ points.” ‘ If after any misfortune has befallen him,
 “ his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and
 “ desire him to be merry,” “ how is that possible, says
 “ he, when I am to pay every one of you his money
 “ again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?”

The

The instances of a discontented temper which *Theophrastus* has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegances in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of *Theophrastus* is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a 'faithful interpreter;' but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in *Theophrastus* where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross

gross in the description. The reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

C H A P. XIX.

A Sloven.

‘ Slovenliness is’ “ such a neglect of a man’s person, “ as makes him offensive to other people.” ‘ The sloven ‘ comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and ‘ a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you ‘ for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to ‘ do so before him. However, that he may out-go ‘ his fore-fathers, his fingers are covered with warts of ‘ his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes ‘ care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are per- ‘ fectly well suited to one another. He lays about him ‘ at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes ‘ in a meal at a mouthful ; which he seldom disposes of ‘ without offending the company. In drinking he ge- ‘ nerally makes more haste than good speed. When he ‘ goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by ‘ the scent of his oil, and distinguish him when he is ‘ dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand ‘ upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, ‘ though a priest and his mother be in the room. He ‘ commits a blunder in the most solemn offices of devo- ‘ tion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a con- ‘ sort of music he breaks in upon the performance, ‘ hums over the tune of himself, or if he thinks it long, ‘ asks the musicians’ “ whether they will never have ‘ done ;” ‘ he always spits at random, and if he is at ‘ an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the ‘ servant who stands behind him.’

The

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my Lord Roscommon's,

None yet have been with admiration read,
But who, besides their learning were well-bred.

Lord Roscommon's essay on translated verse.

If after this the reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in its worst light, he may see how it looks in the former *English* version, which was published some years since, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere*.

Nastiness or Slovenliness.

“ Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so fordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You will see him come into company when he is covered all over with a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails, and says, those distempers were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on until they are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in fordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his mother to the soothsayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane expressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had
done

‘ done some brave exploit. At the finest consort of
 ‘ music he cannot forbear clapping his hands and mak-
 ‘ ing a rude noise; will pretend to sing along with them,
 ‘ and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table,
 ‘ he spits full upon the servants who waited there.’

I cannot close this paper without observing, that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other *Greek* or *Roman* author, that has been bestowed upon this, the world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into *English*, and translating him.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.



